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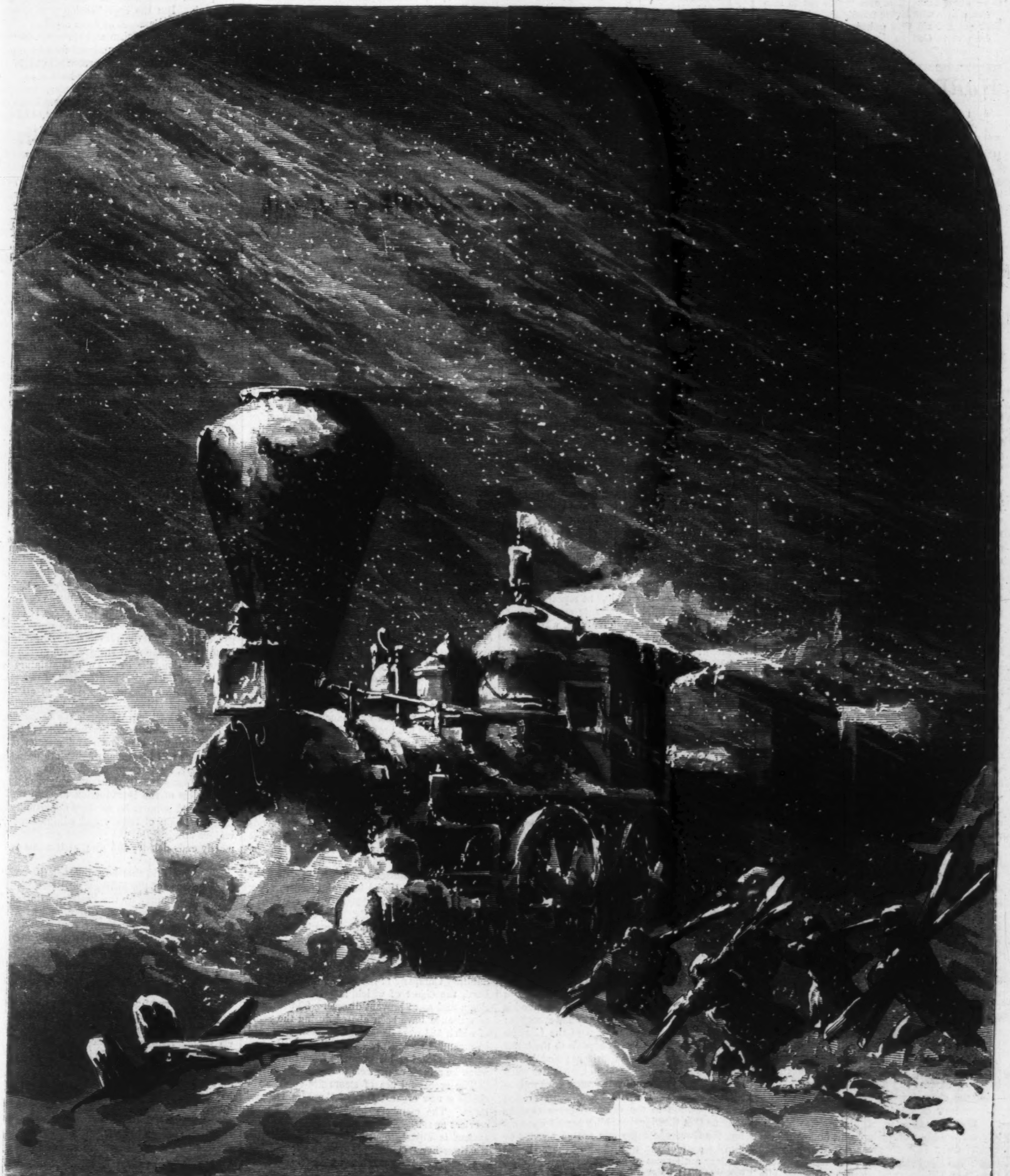


SUFFERINGS IN A SNOW-STORM ON THE MICHIGAN CENTRAL.—[See Page 58.]

FOUND DEAD.

"Found dead, an unknown man." How trite the
phrase!
And yet God knows what volumes may be said
Of bitter suffering or of crime's dark ways,
In that one short epitome—"Found dead!"

When haggard poverty from famine flies
To seek for labor, or to beg for bread,
And in the streets from cold and hunger dies,
Its only epitaph is this—"Found dead!"

Grim murder gripes his victim in the night—
A quick, fierce struggle, desperate and dread—
A quivering soul shrieks out in sudden flight,
Yet all is summed up in two words—"Found
dead!"

The wretched suicide, whose broken heart
Its final hope and vital blood has shed—
Privation—maddened love—dishonor's smart—
'Tis briefly told—"An unknown man found dead."

"Found dead!" What hopes are blighted—what
woes drowned—
What's lost or gained when human life has fled
Who knows or cares? The selfish world goes round:
'Tis but another "unknown man found dead."

O ye whose thoughtless ease brooks not to scan
Death save with loving friends around your bed,
Seek out and aid your unknown fellow-man,
Lest ye to God be "unknown" when "found
dead!"

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, January 23, 1864.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

"Christmas is here!
Winds whistle shrill,
Icy and chill,
Little care we;
Little we fear
Weather without,
Sheltered about
The Mahogany Tree.

"Evenings we knew
Happy as this;
Faces we miss
Pleasant to see.
Kind hearts and true,
Gentle and just,
Peace to your dust!
We sing round the tree."

WHILE those who knew and loved him were singing this Christmas carol of Thackeray's, the kind heart and true that first sang the song was lying stilled forever. He has taught us how to speak of him, not only by the simple, tender appreciation with which he spoke of the dead, but by the many works in which his shrewd insight, kind heart, nimble wit, and consuming satire, held the mirror up to nature, and pleaded for humanity and truth. He was a man of heroic simplicity and candor, with the profoundest hate of all kinds of hypocrisy—a hate which became indignation from his consciousness that neither he nor any man could entirely escape the influence of the social atmosphere he was compelled to breathe. "It is in the air, gentlemen," he always seems to say; "we all have the disease more or less. I have no doubt that I should be very glad to be seen walking down Pall Mall with a duke on each arm." It was this impatience of falsity which the more that it was gilded was the more repulsive to him, because more dangerous, that made him often blunt, rough, stern in his manners, although he lived in the most courtly circles. He ranged through British clubs and drawing-rooms, a Bersekir in the mask of Mephistopheles, refusing to accept amiability for fidelity, or politeness for humanity. He was called a cynic by the snobs, and a snob by the cynics. He was in reality a great moralist, preaching trenchant sermons from the most familiar texts; honoring love and truth, full of pity and charity and wisdom; finding the noblest men and women under all conditions, and not afraid to describe the weaknesses and faults of either.

As a pure novelist, or delineator of manners, he is not surpassed. He constantly reproduced certain types of character within the same range of society; but with such incisive skill and completeness of portraiture that they take permanent place among the creations of human genius. He chose deliberately the profession of literature, worked steadily and faithfully in it; honored its illustrious chiefs, and won and wore its laurels. But to him it was a noble profession; and his task in it, at which he labored until the hand that held the pen fell forever, was to make men better by every kind of stern, sweet, witty, wise, sarcastic, or humorous representation of the life and character he saw around him. When Miss Brontë dedicated to him the second edition of "Jane Eyre," she did so in the strongest and most unqualified words of praise; but they express the final and mature verdict upon the character and power of his genius. Not the least of his charms as an author is the sweet, sinewy English of his style, which is nervous, transparent, picturesque, and exquisite.

The death of every great story-teller is like a personal loss to the world; but the American friends of Thackeray who personally knew him probably were not aware how much they loved him until they saw that he was dead. It seems as if there were less life in the world now he is gone. He enjoyed so fully; his great, blithe nature came ringing out in song and jest in genial festive hours so exuberantly, yet so tenderly still, that feasts will always be less festal hereafter to the guests who sat with him. His social sympathy, his love of children, his univeral charity, and his constant allusions to the delightful season, especially associated him with Christmas, and he died, a month ago, on the day before it came. Farewell, great, generous soul, kindly teacher, faithful friend, wise, humble, honest man! How sadly and solemnly and fitly now sound your own Christmas words!

"My song save this has little worth;
I lay the weary pen aside,
And wish you health, and love, and mirth,
As fits the solemn Christmas tide.
As fits the holy Christmas birth,
Be this, good friends, our carol still:
Be peace on earth, be peace on earth
To men of gentle will."

THE GOVERNOR'S MESSAGE.

Governor Seymour's Message has been thoroughly discussed; but, as its main purpose is to express in the most plausible way all the bitter hostility of extreme partisans throughout the country toward the Administration, it is worth considering. If it were possible to forget that Mr. Seymour early declared against the war, and charged its responsibility upon the loyal men of the Free States; that he expressed his willingness to see the Union perish rather than slavery; that he insisted, while the rebels had their hands at our throats, that we should offer them the olive branch; if it could be forgotten that in every way, under pretext of saving the rights and dignity of the State, he has endeavored to embarrass the National Government, always in smooth phrases fiercely denouncing it, while treating the rebellion as the work of honorable men goaded into violence; if it were possible not to remember that he was the warm advocate of Thomas Seymour for Governor of Connecticut, and of Vallandigham for Governor of Ohio, and that of all bitter partisans, under the thinnest veil of candor, Horatio Seymour is the chief—it might also be possible to believe that his criticisms of national affairs are friendly to the country and to the Union, and that he sincerely prefers patriotism to party. But with his record it is simply impossible. His official messages are as unscrupulous party manifestoes as the speeches of Vallandigham or Wood. And there is probably no heartily loyal Union man in the country who does not consider Mr. Seymour just as true a patriot as Mr. Vallandigham, and just as fervent a Unionist as Mr. Wood.

The Governor undertakes to argue the cause of the soldiers against the Government, declaring that "the safety of our country demands that the sympathy between our citizens and our soldiers should be kept alive." There is no doubt of it. But, as the soldiers *are* our citizens, the Governor need not be alarmed. Does he think it a promising way of maintaining that sympathy to sow entire distrust of the Government in the minds of the soldiers? "The army must not be estranged from our people," he repeats. Very true. Does he think it prevents estrangement to stand in the Academy of Music, while that army is fighting and falling, and "twit" it with the victories it has not won? "We were promised Vicksburg for the 4th of July," sneered the Governor to the "citizens" on that day. The army gave it to us while he was sneering. It gave us Gettysburg also. And when, with the tears of a whole people, that field of heroic death was consecrated as holy national ground, one of the chief newspapers in the interest of Governor Seymour calls the ceremony "a grand national wake." Is this the way to prevent estrangement? So also when it is proposed that the citizen fighting in the field as a soldier for his country shall not be disfranchised, Governor Seymour says that he shall, and interposes his veto. This is his method of keeping alive sympathy between our citizens and our soldiers. If there is any man in the country who has done his little all to estrange the citizen in the field and the citizen at home, it is the author of this Message. We beg every soldier to watch the Governor's action when a bill is again presented to him empowering the soldiers to vote.

In the next place, the Governor also undertakes his own defense in the matter of the July riots. He quotes his proclamation to the people of New York, and celebrates his vigorous efforts to preserve the peace. The whole question lies in a nutshell. Governor Seymour had done his full share in inciting the riots by his speeches; by his vehement denunciation of the Government and the draft; by his appeals to the bitter prejudice against colored citizens; and by his open menace that the national authorities must beware, for a mob could use pretenses as well as a Government. The riot began. Its pretext was opposition to the draft. Mayor Opdyke tells us that the vigorous policy agreed upon before the Governor came was not superseded by him because of the unanimity of the civil and military authorities of the city. But the Governor did all he could, short of refusing to do any thing, to supersede that policy. He deliberately told the rioters that he had asked the suspension of the law, which they made the pretext of their bloody crimes. Of course he had. It was his plan of treating the rebellion in the South: to excuse it, and do what it commands. The July riots should never be mentioned by the Governor or his friends.

The rest of the Message is an assertion that the policy of the war, which the Governor concedes that the people have approved, is national ruin. The only hope for the country, in his estimation, is returning to the original policy of the war. The reply to this is very simple; and it is that there has been but one policy in the war from the beginning, namely, to restore the authority of the Government, and consequently to overcome every obstacle to that restoration. He quotes the resolution of July, 1861, that the war is not waged to subjugate people or to overthrow institutions. No, and it never has been. Neither has it been waged to take a single life, or destroy a single dollar's worth of property. Yet thousands of lives, millions of dollars' worth of property, and at last Slavery, have fallen and are falling in the process of maintaining the Constitution and restoring the Union. Slavery is destroyed, precisely as supplies, and cities, and lives are, in obedience to military necessity. That a partisan politician chooses to misrepresent the fact does not alter the truth. That he chooses to say that the Union is lost, civil liberty destroyed, and the nation ruined, because the American people, in saving their nationality, overthrow by the way the system of human slavery which has always threatened their existence, and now seeks to destroy it, is but another of the melancholy proofs with which History teems, that the extremest public peril will not extinguish party malignity.

THE POLICE REPORT.

Of all the messages and reports with which the year opens the most simple, direct, and lucid is that of the Metropolitan Police Commission. It should be carefully read and pondered by every citizen as the record of the most diligent and faithful public service, and, in itself, the ample justification of a system which gives a peace and security to the great city hitherto unknown.

It appears that the population of the whole district subject to the care of the Commission is about 1,000,000 in the city of New York and 350,000 in Brooklyn. The authorized number of patrolmen in the former city is 1800; in the latter, 200. This gives to New York one patrolman to every 527 inhabitants; to Brooklyn, one for every 1620. This proportion the report justly represents as injurious, because Brooklyn covers nearly as large a territory as New York, which has nine times as many patrolmen. It recommends that the number in Brooklyn be increased to 500.

In the regular course of their duty the patrolmen pass over every portion of the graded streets of the city every hour of the day and night, and without serious increase of labor they could perform the duties of health wardens, sanitary inspectors, and inspectors of weights and measures. All the work of the City Inspector's Department the police force could do without increase of numbers or pay. In view of Mayor Gunther's statement that the present expenses of the city are larger in proportion than those of any city in the world, this is a very significant suggestion.

The report wisely recommends the establishment of a Morgue, or dead-house, for the identification of bodies found drowned. It also suggests that as auctioneers are public officers, and as the plan of making mock-auctioneers refund their robberies has proved to be futile, the conviction of fraud should operate *per se* as a revocation of license. The law of 1862 having failed to abate the nuisance of concert saloons—dens of drunkenness and prostitution—the report declares them likely to increase in numbers until the Legislature shall authorize a thorough prosecution in every case. It also recommends that, as thieves and burglars are generally but the servants of receivers of stolen goods, the system of rewards by which the banks have so successfully suppressed counterfeiting shall be adopted, and the Board be authorized to allow rewards not more than $200 for the conviction of receivers of stolen goods. The case of truant children, growing up in the practice of every crime, should be met, as far as possible, by a truant school.

The report sums up the operations of the Sanitary Company of the Police, under Captain Lord, the object of which is to keep the city clean, and so to prevent disease. 20,942 cases of nuisance have been abated during the year, of which 584 were dangerous. The law should be amended so as to provide collecting the expense of cleaning his premises from the owner when he refuses or neglects to do it.

The successful use of steam fire-engines requires a new organization of the Fire Department. The members should be paid for their services or released from duty, for the voluntary system is unjust, oppressive, and not always trust-worthy. The members are brave and daring, and were formerly exempted from militia service, but as that has ceased the public has no right to demand or enjoy their service without reward. Only a small skilled force is now required, and it is but just that the Insurance Companies should help bear the burden of supporting a department which is mainly useful to them.

The experience of the July riots has shown the value of a large and trusty police force armed and drilled as a military command, to be used, as an armed force only, under the same circumstances that now authorize the calling out of the militia. A fourth of the police could be so organized at small cost, and often save the expensive measure of summoning the militia.

Finally, in a few calm, moderate, and perfectly truthful words the report depicts the circumstances of the July riots. They had a political motive and direction. They received sympathy and encouragement from influential partisans and papers. The militia were absent. The Police Board had been threatened with summary removal. Many of the force desired the removal, and there were some instances of insubordination. A large part of the force were of the same nationality and of the same political and religious faith as the rioters. There was therefore fear of failure in united action, or of embarrassment from sympathy with the mob. But the apprehension proved to be entirely groundless. The force acted as a unit, with the utmost heroism and success. Neither political, religious, nor national feeling injured their efficiency. Eighty were wounded in the terrible conflict, but three only have died.

Could any statement be simpler, truer, or more manly? Could faithful officers make any other report of facts which are historical and known to all men? Could any thing be juster or more complimentary to the members of the police force? The Commissioners may well say of a system which has produced these results: "The marked fidelity, vigilance, and efficiency of the Police in ordinary occasions is the legitimate fruit of the system. Instead of fearing or despising the Policeman, the public have learned to trust him as the defender and protector of social order. The Policeman's labors, risks, and deprivations are great—he earns and deserves not only public respect but just compensation; and the only reason that, with the enhanced rates of living, increased pay is not recommended, is the hope that there may soon be a return to the former scale of prices, and that the injustice of small pay to the Policeman may not be of long duration."

It is hard to believe that the report of which we have given a faithful abstract was made the excuse for the removal of the Police Commissioners. If every officer in the State were as faithful to their duty, as loyal to the nation, as firm, unhesitating, and heroic as the Metropolitan Police, from the Commissioners to every patrolman engaged during the terrible July days proved themselves to be, it would be well for the State and an imperishable honor to the officers.

RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT.

The late Archbishop Hughes was a man of irreproachable character and of acknowledged ability, who had justly earned the highest honors of his profession, and was greatly beloved by the people of his Church. But he was in no other sense a public man than every bishop of every Church and every able and worthy clergyman is. By its resolutions of respect to his memory, passed under the pressure of the previous question, the New York Legislature has established the agreeable precedent of observing with respectful mention the death of all good and eminent citizens. We do not remember that the late Bishop Wainwright's decease was so observed; but unquestionably that of all other distinguished clergymen and men of other professions will be. And if they are passed as these were, by force of the previous question, they will have exactly the same weight as these. The object of the introduction of such resolutions would seem to be to allow opportunity for the expression of respect and admiration from various minds. But the previous question summarily ends debate, and also, as it seems to us, the intended respect.

Mr. Lyon said that he supported the resolutions because of the distinguished services rendered the country by the Prelate. But as he did not mention what they were, and as Archbishop Hughes conspicuously confined himself to his ecclesiastical duties, the public services must be left to conjecture. If Mr. Lyon referred to the Archbishop's visit to Europe, it is for Mr. Lyon to show what public service he did there.

Certainly we do not cavil at any respect shown to the memory of good men. But of the seventy-six members who carried the resolutions, under the previous question, against fourteen, we should like to ask whether they voted for them because of the Archbishop's virtues as a man or eminence as a citizen, or because he was an Irishman and the head of the Romish Church in this State; and whether they mean to honor all virtuous New Yorkers in the same way? for the ecclesiastical office, as Mr. Douglas truly said, has nothing to do with the State.

Good men, distinguished clergymen, able lawyers, skillful physicians, and men noted in every sphere, are constantly departing from us; but we submit that only citizens who have conspicuously served the State, like Generals and Magistrates, are the proper subjects of Legislative resolutions of respect; and that to disregard that rule is to set a most inconvenient precedent.

THE OLD SOPHISM.

Mr. Russell, of the London *Times*, says that when he was in this country he met Mr. Horatio Seymour at dinner, and reports him as saying, just as the rebellion was breaking out, that the National Government had no power to coerce States. It was by such a subterfuge that the more reckless of the Northern friends of the rebels hoped to paralyze the Government, and connive at the success of the rebellion. And in his "Life of General Butler," Mr. Parton tells a story, of course derived from the General, that in February, 1860, Butler was in Washington to confer with other leaders of his party, and found that the Southerners contemplated war. They told him that the North would not fight. He said it would. They smiled, and said they had friends enough here to prevent it. Why did it not occur to them that for every Seymour there would be a Butler; for every Vallandigham, a Logan; for every Wood, a Grant; for every Pierce, a Burnside?

The sophism by which these gentlemen hoped to do the work of the rebellion in the North has just been repeated by Governor Seymour in his Message. "If the South is revolutionized," he asks, "its property devastated, its industry broken up and destroyed, will this benefit the North?" But that is no more the question now than the coercion of States was in the beginning. The Government is maintaining its authority over rebellious citizens; and the simple question is not whether the North will be benefited by the success of the Government, but whether it is better for the country that the rebellion shall be suppressed by every means known to honorable warfare, or whether the war shall be infinitely prolonged and embittered by holding out olive branches to men who spit at them. The difference between a man like Davis and one like our Governor is, that one is in deadly earnest and the other is playing a political game. When the rebel chiefs drew the sword they had at least the manliness to say, "Let this decide between us." They will be destroyed by it, and their section sadly blasted by the war they have invoked, but they will leave canting and whimpering to others.

RAILROAD ANNOYANCES.

While the railroads in the South are going, and the means of restoring them have already gone, our own are worked beyond precedent. The enormous increase of freight, the passage of soldiers, and the immense travel, with the frost now added, derange all times and trains, so that it is hazardous to count upon making any connection or upon arrival within hours of the appointed time.

The recent delay, most vexatious if not dangerous, in the Susquehanna, and the constant complaints and frightful disregard of the comfort and health of passengers upon the single route between New York and Washington, may persuade Congress that something should be done for the relief of the public. But relief in the winter passage of the Hudson River at Albany seems to be beyond hope. There is something ludicrous, if it were not outrageous, in the helpless way in which hundreds or thousands of people are daily and nightly shot out of comfortable cars upon the river, in all winter weathers, rainy, snowy, sleety, blowy; when the ice is hard, and you may ride or walk; when it is soft and uncertain, and you must splash across upon boards and in slush with the chance of breaking through, so that an inconvenience and exposure so barbarous are hardly to be found in all our railway travel, except, in another form, upon the Washington route.

And this is upon the great Northern line between the East and the West. The only reason urged for the continuance of the enormity is that Troy is opposed to a bridge at Albany, and that a party in Albany fear the loss of the business of transhipment. The latter reason is not one that long prevails in this country over the public convenience. The former is surely one that ought not to prevail, since it is easy enough to build a bridge which should neither obstruct the river nor navigation. As it is, the winter-crossing at Albany is a disgrace to our civilization.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

Senate.—*January* 6. Select Committee on Pacific Railroad appointed; Mr. Howard chairman.—Mr. Powell's bill to prevent army and navy officers from interfering in elections came up; debate ensued, in the course of which Mr. Saulsbury asserted that in the State of Delaware a majority of the voters had been driven from the polls because they were not in favor of the Administration. Mr. Wilson defended the Government. The bill was finally referred to the Committee on Military Affairs, in opposition to the wishes of its mover, who desired that it should be referred to the Committee on the Judiciary.——*January* 7. Sundry petitions were presented and disposed of.—Mr. Carlile offered a series of resolutions defining the relations of the General and State Governments, the gist of which lies in the assertions "that it is competent for the President, or any military commander in any State, to impose obligations interfering with the State laws;" and that "the whole power of the Government should be used, not against the rebel States, as such, but against the armies of the rebels:" laid on the table.—The Bounty bill was debated and referred to the Committee on Finance.—The Enrollment bill was taken up, debated, and several points disposed of.—Mr. Howe offered a series of resolutions for the relief of our soldiers now held as prisoners; the substance of which is that the President be requested to call for a million of volunteers for ninety days, or less, to liberate all our prisoners; that General Grant be placed in command of this force; that Congress adjourn on the 4th of March, and that each member under fifty years of age join the army: referred to the Military Committee.——*January* 8. Mr. Morrill offered resolution that notice be given to Great Britain for the termination of the Reciprocity Treaty.—The Committee on Military Affairs reported the bills of thanks to Generals Hooker, Meade, Banks, and Burnside, with their officers and troops.—Mr. Wilson introduced bill to promote enlistments; the chief features are that all enlistments in the regular army shall be for three years, and colored soldiers receive the same pay, etc., as white.—Mr. Grimes introduced bill fixing the pay of officers in the army.—Mr. Hale submitted a resolution for a Committee to inquire into the condition of the navy, and especially into the efficiency of the steam engines lately built. Debate ensued, in the course of which Mr. Hale assailed the management of the Navy Department, and Messrs. Grimes, Doolittle, and Conness defended it. Mr. Davis also took part in the debate, assailing the Administration generally.—Mr. Wilson offered a resolution for the expulsion of Senator Davis, of Kentucky, on the ground of a series of resolutions offered by him on the 5th of January, from which the following phrase was quoted: "The people of the North ought to revolt against the war leaders, and take the matter into their own hands," thereby, said Mr. Wilson, "meaning to incite the people of the United States to revolt" against the Government. Mr. Davis rejoined warmly, declaring, "The Senator's interpretation of my resolution is false in letter and spirit, and false in fact."—Without disposing of this resolution for expulsion, the Senate proceeded to the consideration of the Enrollment bill. The main point of discussion was the $300 commutation clause. Mr. Sumner proposed an entirely new course; substitutes should be furnished only by Government; commutation to be fixed at $300; every drafted man seeking exemption should pay that sum, and if his income exceeded $300 an additional sum as follows: On incomes of from $600 to $2000, ten per cent.; on incomes from $2000 to $5000, twenty per cent.; on incomes over $5000, thirty per cent. Debate ensued upon this proposition. Mr. Wilson said that, though instructed by the Committee to report in favor of repealing the commutation clause, he was in favor of its retention, and proceeded to argue in support of his view. Without coming to definite action on this subject, the Senate adjourned to Monday, the 11th.——*January* 11. Mr. Wilkinson offered a resolution requesting the Secretary of War to furnish information respecting the imprisonment of certain soldiers from Minnesota at Jefferson City, Missouri. He said that a negro came into camp, saying that his master had entered the Confederate service, and that his wife and children were on the point of being sent South for sale. Some of the soldiers went to the cars, and liberated the woman and children. Forty of the soldiers were arrested and thrown into prison. Mr. Lane, of Arkansas, said that the matter was now undergoing investigation by the Legislature of Missouri; the officers appointed by Governor Gamble were the offenders; these officers were sympathizers with treason. Mr. Brown, of Missouri, indorsed the statements of Mr. Lane, and condemned the course of General Schofield, the commander in Missouri: resolution adopted.—Mr. Wilson's resolution for the expulsion of Mr. Davis came up; Mr. Davis wished for immediate action; after some debate it was laid over until the 13th.—Mr. Henderson proposed amendments to the Constitution. They provide that slavery, or involuntary servitude, except as a punishment for crime, shall not exist in the United States; and define the mode in which amendments to the Constitution shall be proposed and adopted.—The Senate adjourned out of respect to the late Senator Bowden, of Virginia.——*January* 12. The Committee on Finance reported back the House bill extending the time for paying bounties to March 1. A letter was read from the Secretary of the Treasury setting forth the necessity imposed by this bill for increased taxation. The bill passed.—The House bill for paying Missouri troops was reported by the Committee on Military Affairs.—A message was received from the President in answer to Mr. Lane's inquiry of December 16, relating to the treatment of Kansas prisoners. It inclosed letters from General Halleck and the Commissary-General of Prisoners to the effect that there was no evidence that Kansas prisoners had been treated differently from others, or that any Kansas volunteers had been put to death on being captured.—The Enrollment bill was called up and debated. Mr. Sumner modified his amendment so as to provide that the money received from commutations should be spent only in procuring substitutes: amendment lost, 25 to 15. A desultory debate ensued in respect to the enlistment of slaves as soldiers. Mr. Johnson said that slaves were considered property, as well as persons, by the Constitution: as property they were liable for their master's debts; as persons were punishable as traitors if found aiding in rebellion. He learned that in Maryland slaves had been recruited without their own or their masters' consent. He protested against this procedure. No vote was taken on the bill.

House.—*January* 6. Resolution for Committee to report on railroad from Washington to New York adopted; Mr. Brandagee subsequently appointed Chairman.—The Committee on Elections reported a bill fixing a uniform time for electing Representatives in Congress, and enabling soldiers to vote.—The Committee on Military Affairs reported bill extending the time for paying bounties to March 1: passed unanimously. The Appropriation bill was passed, after general debate. Mr. Arnold made a set speech upon the state of the Union and the President's Message, laudatory of the course of the President, and urging the entire destruction of the system of slavery. "It is the mission of Mr. Lincoln," he said, "to carry out the regeneration of the country by the death of American slavery; let him finish the job."—Mr. Blaine offered a resolution declaring that the debts incurred by the States in suppressing the insurrection should be assumed by the General Government.—Mr. Baldwin offered a resolution to the effect that "any proposition to negotiate with the rebel leaders at Richmond, sometimes called 'the authorities at Richmond,'" should be rejected. The resolution, after some opposition from Mr. Cox, was adopted by 89 to 24; the preamble, which declares that "the organized treason which has its head-quarters at Richmond exists in defiant violation of the Federal Constitution, and has no claim to be treated otherwise than as an outlaw," was adopted by 112 ayes, and no contrary vote.—The Committee on Naval Affairs were instructed to inquire into the expediency of establishing a navy-yard and dépôt for the construction and repair of iron-clads.—Mr. Rodgers proposed resolutions declaring that the rebellion is wicked; that the war against it should be prosecuted; but that a compromise was desirable; and that therefore commissioners should be appointed to meet with similar commissioners from the insurgent States to treat respecting peace and a reconstruction of the Union; that the people of the insurgent States have a right to return to the Union, and "reorganize their respective State Governments, with their domestic institutions as they were before the war," and elect representatives to Congress, without "any conditions precedent except that of being liable to be punished" for violations of the Constitution and laws: these resolutions were laid on the table by a vote of 78 to 42.—Mr. Randall offered a resolution that the President be requested to effect an exchange of prisoners, and that "if that exchange can not be extended to all prisoners it may be carried into effect as to any portion that may be agreed upon between the parties:" laid over for consideration.—Mr. Myers offered a resolution to the effect that the war should be prosecuted till the traitors love the Union and consent to the Emancipation and Reconstruction proclamations; that then the leading rebels should be hung, and the war cease; this factious and disgraceful resolution was quietly referred to the proper Committee. After debate on the Diplomatic Appropriation Bill the House adjourned till Monday, January 11.——*January* 11. Several bills of local interest were introduced and referred.—The use of the Hall was granted to Miss Anna Dickinson for an address in aid of the funds of the Freedman's Aid Association.—Mr. Fernando Wood offered a resolution for a Committee to inquire into the conduct of General Butler while in command at New Orleans, and into various charges of fraud in the Military and Navy Departments, in the Treasury Department, and in the Custom-house at New York; laid on the table by a vote of 77 to 63.—On motion of Mr. Fenton a resolution was adopted referring the charges of misconduct in the New York Custom-house to the Committee on Public Expenditures.—Mr. Broomall offered a resolution to the effect that the Government endeavor to induce the slaves in the rebel territory to enlist in the army, by giving them full pay and bounties, and by guaranteeing them freedom at once upon enlistment. Mr. Cox moved to lay the resolution on the table unless the mover would consent to an amendment conscripting all the blacks in the land. The motion to lay on the table was refused, 73 to 61.—Mr. Ancona offered resolution that the Committee on Military Affairs inquire into the expediency of paying to soldiers the money withheld from them on account of clothing, etc., thrown away by command of their officers: adopted.—The Committee on Ways and Means reported bill to reimburse to Pennsylvania the amount expended by her in calling out the Militia during the late invasion.—The House adjourned out of respect to the memory of the late Senator Bowden.——*January* 12. The Judiciary Committee reported bill for revising and consolidating the laws of the United States.—The Committee on Ways and Means reported a bill for increasing the revenue. The main provisions are: a duty of 60 cents a gallon on distilled spirits; a duty of 2 cents a pound upon cotton, except such as is sold by the United States; a drawback of 2 cents a pound to be allowed upon goods exported if manufactured from cotton which has paid the duty.—The bill to pay $700,000 to Pennsylvania for her expenses in calling out the Militia came up, and was debated at length. The House adjourned without any definite action upon this bill.

THE BATTLE IN THE CLOUDS.—A CORRECTION.

An important error occurs in General Meigs's graphic account of the "Battle in the Clouds," near Chattanooga, as published. By a mistake of the telegraphic reporter, the name of General Thomas was substituted for that of General Sherman in the paragraph describing the passage of the Tennessee and the seizing and fortifying the position on Missionary Ridge. General Meigs, in a letter to General Sherman, says, "I wrote *your* name, and it was so sent to the telegraph office." The services of General Thomas have been many and great, but the credit of this achievement belongs to Sherman, and he should not be deprived of it through the error of the telegraph.

GRANT'S CONGRATULATORY ORDER.

General Grant, in General Order, dated December 10, returns "his sincere thanks and congratulations to the brave armies of the Cumberland, the Ohio, the Tennessee, and their comrades from the Potomac, for the recent splendid and decisive successes achieved over the enemy. In a short time you have recovered from him the control of the Tennessee River from Bridgeport to Knoxville. You dislodged him from his great strong-hold upon Lookout Mountain, drove him from Chattanooga Valley, wrested from his determined grasp the possession of Missionary Ridge, repelled with heavy loss to him his repeated assaults upon Knoxville, forcing him to raise the siege there, driving him at all points, utterly routed and discomfited, beyond the limits of the State. By your noble heroism and determined courage you have most effectually defeated the plans of the enemy for regaining possession of the States of Kentucky and Tennessee. You have secured positions from which no rebellious power can drive or dislodge you."

WESTERN VIRGINIA.

A detachment of two hundred and eighty men, commanded by Major Beers, was attacked on the 3d of January at Jonesville, in Western Virginia, by a large Confederate force, under General Sam Jones; after a desperate resistance, in which we lost 30 killed, and as many wounded, the remainder of the command were made prisoners.

The enemy, under General Early, by way of reprisal for Averill's raid, undertook a great expedition into Western Virginia, threatening the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, and other important points. A dispatch from General Kelley, dated January 7, gives the result: The rebel force has retreated toward the Shenandoah Valley. The force was a formidable one, consisting of three brigades, under the command of General Fitzhugh Lee. Deserters report that it was the intention of Lee to capture the garrison at Petersburg, take New Creek and Cumberland, destroy our stores, break the railroad by burning the bridges. The great raid has thus far resulted in a complete failure. An empty wagon train, returning from Petersburg, was captured by a portion of the enemy's forces. With this exception they have not, thus far, been able to inflict upon us any injury.

On the 10th of January a battalion of Maryland cavalry was attacked by Mosby's guerrillas. After severe fighting for an hour Mosby was repulsed, leaving his dead and wounded on the field; among the dead were four officers. We lost two killed and eleven wounded.

SKIRMISH IN NORTH CAROLINA.

An expedition under Colonel M'Chesney, of the First North Carolina Regiment, which left Newbern December 30, for Greenville, met the enemy near Washington and routed them. The lieutenant who led the Union troops in a charge was killed. The loss on the other side was one lieutenant and five men. The troops engaged on our side were negroes.

CHARLESTON.

Our direct intelligence comes down to the 7th of January. On that day General Gilmore had thrown twenty shells charged with Greek fire into the city; with what result was unknown. A week before, however, the same number had been fired, every one of which exploded within the city, causing an extensive conflagration. Heretofore, it is said, the shells charged with Greek fire have exploded before reaching their object. This fault is said to be remedied by an invention of Colonel Bell, by which the explosion takes place at the proper moment.

NEW ORLEANS AND TEXAS.

From New Orleans our latest intelligence is dated January 3. Information had been received from various sources of a combined movement being contemplated on the part of the rebels. It was said that all the rebel troops who have been operating in Western Louisiana, on the banks of the Mississippi and other points, were gathering for Central Texas, and uniting to form one large army, to attack our new acquisitions on the coast of Texas, and would probably number at least twenty thousand. Preparations had been made to meet this rebel force as well as possible with the number of troops in the department.

A SOUTHERN VIEW.

The Richmond *Inquirer*, of December 31, says that the gloomiest year of the struggle has been concluded; that neither the hopes of intervention, which buoyed up the spirits of the rebels in 1861, nor the victory of Fredericksburg in 1862, cheers them at the conclusion of the past year. It admits that the check given to General Meade's advance at Mine Run, or Longstreet's partial success at Bean Station, are a poor set-off to the severe loss which the rebels suffered "in the murderous assault at Knoxville."

FRAUDS IN THE CUSTOM-HOUSE.

Fradulent transactions by persons occupying important positions in the New York Custom-house are reported to have been detected. Several arrests have been made, and the alleged culprits have been sent to Fort Lafayette. The whole matter is now undergoing close examination.

THE CASE OF THE "CHESAPEAKE."

The case of the *Chesapeake* is before the British Admiralty Court at Halifax. Judge Stuart said he was of the opinion that the vessel should be given up to her owners. The counsel for the Confederates asked him to contemplate the probability of an application for the vessel on the part of the Confederates, which the Judge said he would not do. The Advocate-General for the Crown also expressed his opinion that the vessel should be given up to the owners. The case is still open.—Several persons have been under examination before the magistrates, charged with rescuing the three prisoners taken on the *Chesapeake* from the hands of the police. The Mayor decided that the case must be legally decided, and should be handed over to the Crown officers. The prisoners were required to give bail for their appearance before the Supreme Court.

FOREIGN NEWS.

EUROPE.

No intelligence of special importance has reached us during the present week. The war in Poland has assumed a guerrilla character.—No collision had occurred between the Danish and German forces in Schleswig-Holstein. Prince Frederick had been proclaimed a sovereign in opposition to the King of Denmark, and the town of Altona has been illuminated in consequence. This town was evacuated on the 24th of December by the Danes, at the approach of the Federal forces.—It is said that the Messrs. Laird, the builders of the Confederate rams in Great Britain, had refused to sell them, though they had received several offers.—The United States Ministers at London and Paris were making strenuous efforts to prevent the escape of the rebel steamer *Rappahannock*, then lying at Calais.—An insurrectionary movement in Hungary, with Kossuth at its head, is reported to have been commenced.

INDIA.

The hostilities in India, the breaking out of which was noted in our number for January 9, have assumed an alarming aspect. The first accounts merely stated that some of the Hill Tribes attacked an English position, drove in a picket, but were repulsed, the English, however, losing 128 men, in killed and wounded, most of them being native troops. Subsequent accounts speak of a series of engagements, from October 30 to November 24, in which the British loss is set down at 600 men, killed and wounded. The India papers consider the affair serious. One says, "We are no longer engaged in an insignificant raid, but in a war with numerous tribes, whose numerical force, in an almost inaccessible country, it is difficult to calculate." Another says, "It is clear that our position there is a critical one, and that the most decisive measures must now be adopted to save our force from annihilation."

MEXICO.

From Mexico our accounts, derived from various sources, are utterly conflicting. The general tenor of those which appear to be most reliable represent the French and "Imperialists" as meeting with almost uniform success in the progress of their various columns through the country. On the 8th of December they took possession of Guanajuato. The Mexicans, under Doblado, retreated toward Zacatecas, having destroyed the aqueduct, water reservoirs, mining works, and growing crops, leaving the country a desert. They were pursued by a division of the French army.—On the 6th of December Tobar, an adherent of the French, was defeated near Guadalajara by the loyalists, under Colonel Rajos, who captured 500 prisoners. The numbers on each side are stated at 3000.—On the 17th Uraga, who had inflicted considerable damage upon the French, attacked them at Morelia, where they were strongly intrenched, but was repulsed with a loss, it is reported, of 2000 killed and wounded, out of an entire force of 5000.—A letter from President Juarez, dated December 8, has been published, in which he says that he trusts, when our war is ended, many American soldiers will join the Mexicans, for the purpose of driving the French from the continent. In the mean while the Mexicans can only carry on a guerrilla war.

ST. DOMINGO.

Some months ago the Spanish Government took formal possession of and "reannexed" to Spain the Republic of St. Domingo, the southern half of the island of Hayti. An insurrection against the Spaniards broke out not long after, and a desultory warfare has since been waged, the general result being in favor of the Spaniards. Present appearances indicate that this war is drawing to a close.

ARMY AND NAVY ITEMS.

A general court-martial, held in the Army of the Potomac, has recently passed the following sentences:

Major E. A. Anderson, Ninth New York Cavalry, for absence without leave, misbehavior before the enemy, and conduct unbecoming an officer and gentleman, to be dismissed the service of the United States.

First-Lieutenant Robert P. Porter, Third Indiana Cavalry, for drunkenness and conduct to the prejudice of good order and military discipline, to be dismissed the service of the United States.

Captain Hasbrouck, Fifth New York Cavalry, for selling Government horses, to be dismissed, and forfeit all pay due him from the Government.

Captain B. L. West, Commissary of Subsistence of Volunteers, for disobedience of orders, and conduct to the prejudice of good order and military discipline, to be dismissed the service.

Captain William D. Paulding, Fifty-ninth New York Volunteers, for drunkenness while on duty, etc., to be dismissed.

Second-Lieutenant Lafayette Cameron, Fifty-seventh Pennsylvania Volunteers, knowingly making a false return of the clothing of his company, to be cashiered.

First-Lieutenant John Galvin, Seventy-first New York Volunteers, for drunkenness while on duty, etc., to be cashiered.

First-Lieutenant Reuben R. Weed, One Hundred and Fourth New York Volunteers, for disobedience of orders and absence without leave, to be dismissed.

Second Lieutenant Charles W. Galvin, Fourteenth Connecticut Volunteers, disobedience of orders, drunkenness on duty, and quitting his guard without leave, to be cashiered, and to be forever disqualified to hold any office of trust or profit under the Government of the United States.

Second Lieutenant Uriel D. Bolles, One Hundred and Twenty-sixth New York Volunteers, misbehavior in the face of the enemy, dismissed with loss of all pay and allowances.

Private Joseph Richardson and Corporal David M'Gahan, Forty-ninth Pennsylvania Volunteers; Private Christopher L. Sampson, Fifth United States Artillery, and Private Peter Chateauwet, Twentieth Massachusetts Volunteers, having been found guilty of desertion, were sentenced to be shot to death.

General Heintzelman, it is reported, is to be given a command in Texas.

General Stoneman has been ordered to report to General Grant at Knoxville.

Major-General Curtis has been assigned the command of the Department of Kansas, which consists of Kansas, Colorado, Nebraska, and the Indian Territory.

Governor Bramlette, of Kentucky, has issued a proclamation ordering military commandants, where a loyal citizen is taken off by guerrillas, to arrest at least five rebel sympathizers in the vicinity of the outrage.

Captain Hutton, who was dismissed the service on account of his difficulty with Lieutenant Cutts, at Cincinnati, has been restored to his rank and position.

There were 10,520 Federal prisoners in Richmond on the 18th ult. There were eleven deaths among them on the same day.

About $7000 have been collected lately at Paris for the Sanitary Commission. A concert is to be given in the Chapel of the Rue de Berry in aid of this fund, at which the performers will be all amateurs and Americans.

The Confederate army of the Southwest has gone into winter-quarters at Dalton.

The following New York soldiers have died in Washington since the 1st of January and been buried by the Government: Samuel Yates, 72d New York; Alfred Crume, 64th New York; Henry Webster, 4th New York Artillery; Jeremiah Dempsey, 15th New York Cavalry; Justus Cooney, 126th New York; Geo. C. Sweeny, 1st New York Cavalry; L. Wilbur, 9th New York Artillery; Michael Ryan, 96th New York; Henry Wiggins, 4th New York Artillery; Geo. Elliston, 15th New York Cavalry.

Rebel prisoners, spies, and guerrillas, are being sent in daily, and consigned to the Old Capitol prison. There are now in this institution nine hundred and ninety-seven inmates.

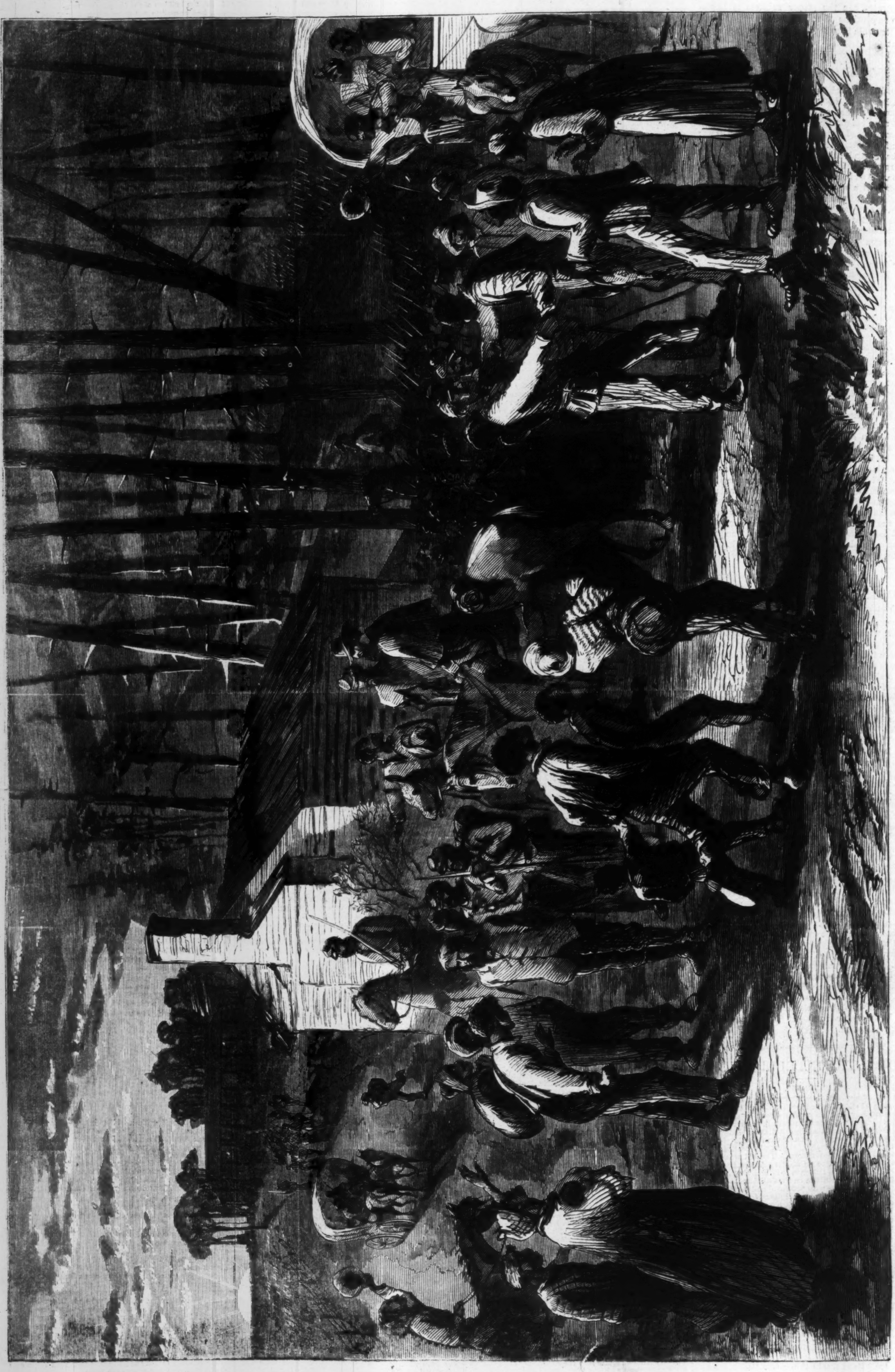
General Thomas has issued an order assessing $30,000 on rebel sympathizers living within ten miles of the recent murder of three soldiers near Mulberry, Tennessee, the money to be divided between the families of the soldiers killed.

Head-quarters Army of the Potomac, Jan. 10.

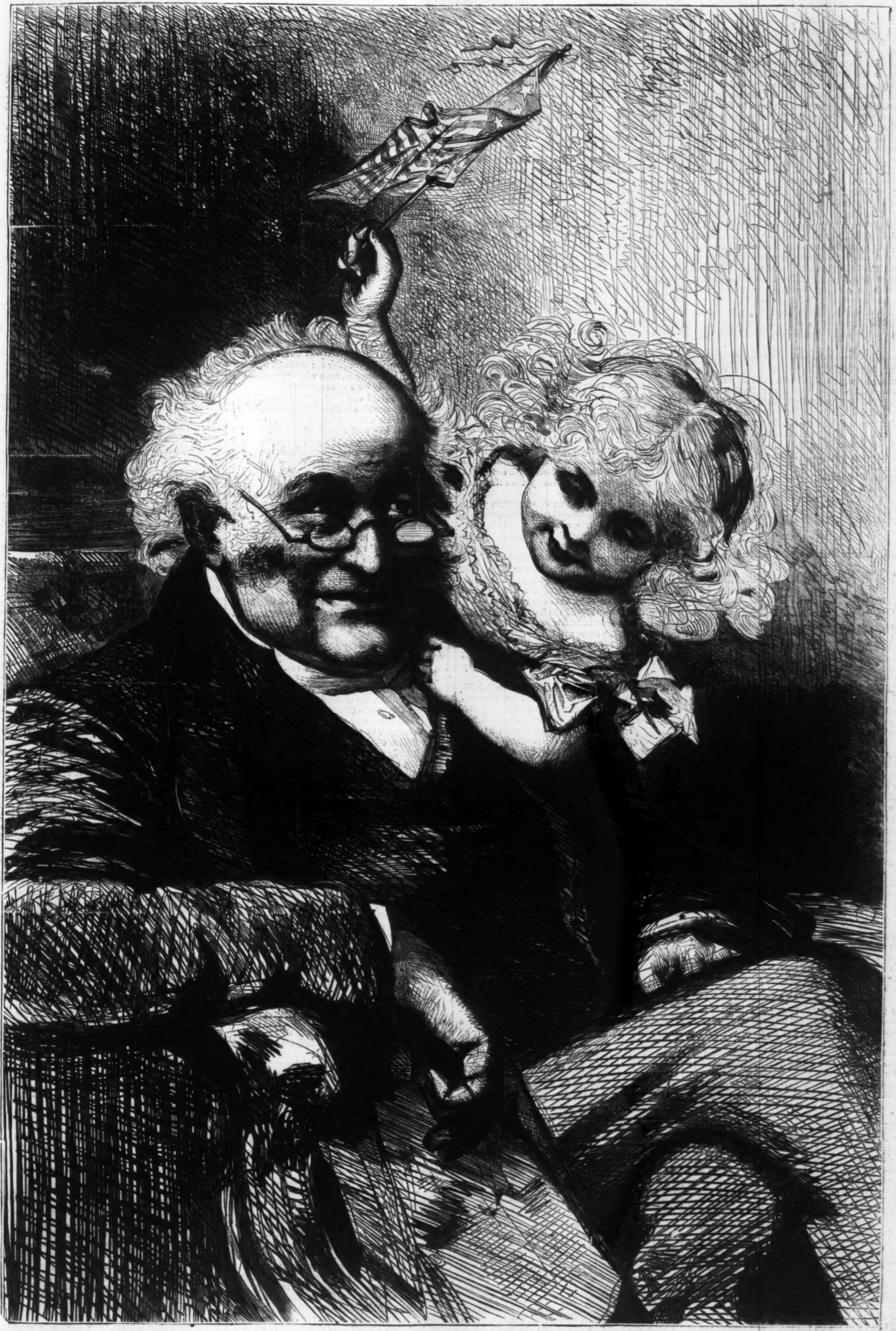
In pursuance of sentence by General Courts-Martial, Lieutenants Isaac N. Whitemeyer, Nineteenth Indiana; Thomas A. Dorwart, One Hundred and Sixteenth Pennsylvania; Edward F. Conway, Seventy-first New York; John B. Hare, Seventy-second New York; Thomas M'Namee, Forty-seventh New York; and Albert Reinart, Fifty-second New York, have been dismissed from the service.

The total cost of the Monitors built and being built, will be $22,150,000.

The Seventy-eighth and Fifty-first New York Volunteers are on their way home from the West.



COLORED TROOPS, UNDER GENERAL WILD, LIBERATING SLAVES IN NORTH CAROLINA.—[SEE PAGE 54.]



UNDER THE FLAG.—[SEE PAGE 54.]

NEGRO SOLDIERS LIBERATING SLAVES.

GENERAL WILD's late raid into the interior of North Carolina abounded in incidents of peculiar interest, from which we have selected a single one as the subject of the illustration on page 52, representing the liberation by the negro battalion of the slaves on Mr. Terrebee's plantation. As the reader may imagine, the scene was both novel and original in all its features. General Wild having scoured the peninsula between Pasquotank and Little Rivers to Elizabeth City, proceeded from the latter place toward Indiantown in Camden County. Having encamped overnight, the column moved on into a rich country which was covered with wealthy plantations. The scene in our sketch represents the colored troops on one of these plantations freeing the slaves. The morning light is shining upon their bristling bayonets in the back-ground, and upon a scene in front as ludicrous as it is interesting. The personal effects of the slaves are being gathered together from the outhouses on the plantation and piled, regardless of order, in an old cart, the party meanwhile availing themselves in a promiscuous manner of the Confiscation Act by plundering hens and chickens and larger fowl; and after all of these preliminary arrangements the women and children are (in a double sense) placed on an eminence above their chattels and carted off in triumph, leaving "Ole Massa" to glory in solitude and recession.

UNDER THE FLAG.

THE above is the title which we have given to an illustration on page 53, adapted from an exquisite drawing by Thomas, a well known English artist. The original sketch represents the little girl holding a sprig of mistletoe over her grandfather's head—a Christmas emblem not popularly understood in this country. For the mistletoe we have substituted a miniature flag of the United States, an emblem which will be understood and appreciated by all of our readers. The picture, in every other feature unaltered from its original, will speak for itself both to the eye and heart. Let us hope that another New-Year's may find not only our own households under the flag, but also those of our enemies—turned friends.

[From CHARLES DICKENS's "All the Year Round."]

A WHITE HAND AND A BLACK THUMB.

IN THIRTEEN CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

ON the twelfth of March, one thousand seven hundred and sixty-seven, Mr. Basil Humpage, merchant and banking-agent, departed from his mansion, shaded by three big elms, in the rural precinct of Jermyn Street, London, and never returned.

It may illustrate his unexampled regularity to mention that, at the expiration of four minutes from the usual time of the merchant's appearance at his office in Cripplegate, the old head clerk turned pale, slid feebly down from his stool, and became temporarily incapacitated from business. He tottered up and down with nervous steps, pausing at every turn, now to gaze half incredulously at the clock, now to peer through the glass partition which shut off his chief's apartment from the general office, as if he thought it less improbable that that gentleman should have shot up furtively through the cellarage than be missing altogether from his place. For it was a well-known fancy of the worthy old merchant, who was frequently before, never after, his time, to loiter about the door, in such a manner that, with the last stroke of nine from the office-clock, he might insert his latch-key, and with a general nod, and a "Good-morning, Middlemiss!" to the head clerk, assume his accustomed seat, and commence the duties of the day.

Although Mr. Middlemiss was not a man given to superstitious fancies, it might certainly seem from his bearing on this occasion that the prophetic whisper which sometimes reaches us—who knows from what remote birth-place?—far outspeeding all rational argument for anxiety, had awakened in him a conviction of misfortune with which his reason refused to contend. At all events, at ten minutes past nine the head clerk summoned his best messenger, usually reserved for hurried and important missions, and dispatched him, on foot indeed, but at double hackney-coach pace, to the house of Three Elms.

We shall get there before him.

Mr. Humpage had risen, that long-remembered morning, at his accustomed hour—half past six. There was nothing remarkable in his demeanor or conduct, except that, on rising, he kissed his wife—a circumstance which that lady attributed to their having had a little tiff overnight. The misunderstanding had not been of a serious character, having reference simply to the question whether Polly-my-Lamb should be condemned to wear frilled pantaloons for six months longer, or pass at once into long short-waisted gowns like her mother's. Sleep had interposed, and left the point undecided.

Polly-my-Lamb was the only child of Basil and Alethea Humpage. The name was of her father's sole invention, but had been adopted, first cautiously, then freely, by the entire neighborhood.

The chocolate was ready at half past seven. Mr. Humpage not appearing, a maid went to his dressing-room door and announced that her mistress was waiting breakfast; to which he returned no answer. Another ten minutes, and maid Kezia went again, knocked, and repeated her message. Still no reply.

Polly-my-Lamb was the next embassador. The maid had met her on the stairs, and begged her to speak to master, as she, Kezia, could not make him hear.

The little girl came flying back, with her violet eyes swimming in tears—she could hardly tell why; perhaps it was from peeping through the keyhole; perhaps it was because, for the first time in his life, papa had been deaf to the voice of his darling. At all events, he had locked his door, and would make no audible reply. Was he *there?* Yes, certainly. Nor could he have been seized with any sudden illness; for she had heard his familiar step move steadily across the room, and had further recognized the peculiar creak pertaining to a particular drawer in his dressing-table, as he opened and reclosed it.

Past eight o'clock. It had now become a matter of impossibility for the punctual merchant to eat his breakfast and appear at his office at the accustomed time, and a suppressed alarm began to extend through the household. Even deaf Stephen, the footman-butler, whose great red ears had for the last thirty winters been simply ornamental, and who was in the habit of relying for his knowledge of passing events purely upon his own skill in physiognomy, perfectly understood that something was amiss, and pulled off his coat, with the view, it was surmised, of being in a state of general preparation and armament for whatever might ensue.

A thrilling scream from above brought matters to a crisis below. The shriek was re-echoed by the cook, and although to Stephen she only appeared to yawn, the movement that followed quickly undeceived him. Up flew the whole phalanx, Stephen after. Mrs. Humpage was on her knees at the dressing-room door, knocking, screaming, imploring, in frantic alarm. He had hung himself, she declared, from the clothes-hook on the door. She could hear his boot-heels kicking against it—forgetting, poor lady, that if her suspicions were correct he could hardly be expected to comply with her reiterated requests to open the door. The servants partook of their mistress's impression. Does it seem strange that every body was so suddenly plunged into consternation? Mr. Humpage had been but half an hour longer than common over his dressing. But this was the first infraction of a custom of two-and-twenty years. Self-imposed laws are the best observed. No member of that orderly establishment, if questioned, would have considered any further explanation necessary than that they knew "master's way."

Mrs. Humpage, making an eager gesture which might be interpreted as an order to break in, Stephen the strong, without further ceremony, put his broad knee against the door, which, secured only by a slight catch, yielded instantly.

The first moment sufficed to convince them that no one was in the apartment. The next, Stephen caught his mistress by the arm, and somewhat peremptorily twisted her through the door. His quick sight had managed to sweep in details he did not wish her to be among the first to investigate. With the like determination he induced the other women to quit the room, and then, putting a strong restraint upon his own anxious curiosity, secured the door on the outside, and started off to the police-office in Bow Street as fast as his legs would carry him.

A shrewd and able man was Sir James Polhill, at that time chief magistrate; and he, after receiving a hasty communication from Stephen, dispatched a sturdy individual in top-boots, white neckcloth, and long red waistcoat—called a "runner" because they always walked—to the house of Three Elms.

Isaac Surtees, the constable-runner, subsequently deposed that, from information which had been conveyed to him, and from certain directions he had received (Stephen had reported "Sum'at wrong down our way," and the magistrate had ordered him to "see about it"), he proceeded to Jermyn Street, Saint James's, where he observed a crowd of persons assembled about the door of a house, Number Twenty-seven, by the three great hellems, opposite the public, next the chapel, round the corner, leftanside. There was much excitement in the neighborhood, especially in and about the Three Jolly Counselors, partly owing to what had transpired at Number Twenty-seven, partly to the promiscuous impalement of a little boy—by the trowsers—on the spikes of the hairy, Number Twenty-seven aforesaid. Knocked at the door, and was admitted in the ordinary way. ("Well, man, we don't suppose you got down the chimney," growled the magistrate.) Scraped his shoes. There was a large Tom cat in the passage.

"Get on, officer. You need not be *too* precise," said the magistrate.

Likewise a door leading to a back staircase, conducting to apartments on the first floor, through a gallery and ante-room, down three steps, and up one, whereby you come to another room, whereof Stephen Gould, the butler, which has lived in the family nigh twenty-three years, and lost his hearing complete in the great fog of 'twenty-seven, produced from the left-hand pocket of his peach-colored velveteen inexpressibles, the key.

The apartment—to condense Mr. Surtees's report—was in much the same sort of confusion a gentleman might make in dressing hastily. The things were thrown about. In the middle of the room was a large pool of blood—other traces being noticeable in a direction toward the window. The sash of the latter was up, one pane broken, and one cut clean out, as if by a practiced hand. Two towels, on which bloody hands had been wiped, lay near the washing-stand, on the floor. But the most significant trace of all presented itself in the shape of a lock, or tuft of grizzled hair—pronounced by Stephen to be his master's—which was picked up, soaked in blood, close beside the window. There was nothing, apart from this, to indicate that a murderous struggle had taken place, nor, indeed, was that compatible with circumstances at a later period deposed to. The murder—if such it was—must have been effected completely and suddenly, by surprise.

The motive? The closest scrutiny failed to establish the fact that any article of value, with one exception, had been taken away. That exception was the merchant's watch: a chronometer worth, as he had been accustomed to declare, one hundred pounds sterling. Not a drawer, shelf, or cupboard, had been disturbed. Gold and silver money was scattered on the table—a massive gold snuff-box, gold pencil-case, and other things of undoubted value—all these were safe. The outrage, whatever its nature, and by whomsoever perpetrated, had been clearly directed against the person, not the property, of the missing man.

The singularity of the circumstances, even at a period too much marked with desperate crimes, attracted unusual attention. The merchant had been held in high esteem by a very large circle of acquaintance; the magistrate himself, Sir James Polhill, had been of the number of his friends.

After hearing the testimony of the officer Surtees, and one or two other witnesses, Sir James took with him two of his most astute thief-catchers, and went down in person to examine the premises.

The window at which ingress must have been effected was twenty-five feet from the ground. It was at the side of the house fronting the elm-trees, and looked down upon a narrow but well-frequented thoroughfare, faced on the off-side by an iron railing, and leading into Piccadilly.

To believe that through such a window, in broad daylight, a gentleman murderously assailed in the very midst of his family and dependents, could have been either forcibly dragged or secretly smuggled, and borne safely away, was more than the magistrate, familiar with the modus operandi, and the usual hazards of crime, could school his mind to. It seemed absolutely incredible that no alarm should have been given. Presuming that a sudden and well-delivered blow had rendered the victim insensible, how lower and transport away the inanimate body, without exciting the curiosity and suspicion of the passengers, from whose presence the alley was scarcely for a moment free?

Sir James Polhill was leaning from the window, revolving this question in his mind, and wondering, casually, how far a slender leaden water-pipe which passed up to the roof almost within arm's-reach might have been concerned with the burglar's successful entrance, when a squabble of the boys in the foot-way attracted his attention.

A little burlesque of a highly popular ceremony appeared to be in progress.

The smallest urchin of the group, with his elbows pinioned, his hands tied, and a dirty Welsh night-cap half concealing his blubbered face, was lifted on the shoulders of another, by way of ladder, while an amateur Ketch in corduroys endeavored to adjust a fragment of rope round his neck. A fourth performer, with his black, frouzy hair smoothed down over his face, and a sheet of street-ballads in his hand, enacted the part of reverend ordinary.

The juvenile culprit, however, evinced a decidedly impenitent and contentious frame of mind. It was clear that he repudiated the whole proceedings, and now writhed, kicked, and howled to an extent that had already filled the narrow thoroughfare with deeply-interested spectators, who, with an instinctive reverence for the more majestic aspects of the law, offered no interposition whatever.

Annoyed, as well he might be, at this unbecoming travesty of one of our most venerable and cherished institutions, the excellent magistrate shouted angrily to the boys to disperse, making signs, moreover, to one of his rosy-breasted followers, looming in the distance, to scatter the tumultuous assemblage. The condemned urchin was quickly reprieved, and, with the tears undried on his face, was in the act of joining with the executioner and chaplain in a savage dance round his deliverer, when the latter was seen to pounce upon and recapture him.

After a minute, during which some inquiry of much interest seemed to be proceeding, the officer entered the house, accompanied by the boy, from whose neck he had taken the piece of cord. The boy had been found with it in his hand early that morning, saying that he had picked it up under the window of the dressing-room. It bore at that time fresh marks of blood, and there was a noose at the end, which circumstance had perhaps suggested to the juvenile population of the vicinity the little amusement that had just been interrupted.

There was no reason to doubt the boy's statement. After all, the discovery was of no great moment, suggesting nothing more than a supposition that the cord might have been a portion of that used in lowering the merchant's body. The crime and its perpetrators remained as dark and doubtful as before.

Sir James dangled the rope thoughtfully in his hand, as though weighing an imaginary criminal: "I am much mistaken," he said, "if I do not perceive the print of a black thumb in this."

The officer glanced at his chief, not at the rope, for he understood his meaning.

London—among its other public scandals, tolerated no man knows how or why—was at that period infested by a gang of skilled ruffians, organized and directed by the greatest miscreant of the number, a fellow half-nobleman, half-gipsy, commonly known as "Lord Lob." Touching this title the works of Sir Bernard Burke are silent; neither have we been able to trace in the archives of the Heralds' College the arms and crest of Lob. But there was at that time no question that the credit of having added this unit to the human family was due to the wild and eccentric Earl of Hawkweed, whose protection, for a long time freely afforded, this young villain had alienated by a course of crime.

Seldom, even among the most depraved, can an individual be found who loves guilt solely for the pleasure he experiences in its commission. Human nature, fallen as it is, seems to proscribe purposeless crime. If, however, we may put faith in this robber's recorded history, he must have been an exception to the rule. It was known for certain that he invariably refused to participate in the proceeds of any one of the multitude of nefarious enterprises he planned and helped to execute. These were generally of a lofty, that is to say, impudent range. My lord interested himself in nothing of a low and pitiful character; nothing, in effect, that did not demand both power of combination and hardihood. Victory was worthless without the delight of strategy. There were the points of a good partisan leader about Lord Lob. Alas! that he had never skirmished against any thing but law and justice, harassed nothing but social order, despoiled no foe but his peaceful fellow-citizens!

The pillage of a bank, an opulent City warehouse, a goldsmith's shop, the waylaying of a distinguished band of travelers, the forging and uttering of notes of startling amount occasionally (by way of change), the running a perfect argosy full of silk and spirits under the very noses of the coast-guard—these were the meanest matters to which Lord Lob's genius would willingly descend.

He had no need of much money. He had wearied of smaller vices. Such poor excesses as drink and play he had abandoned to the young aristocratic bloods of the day; but when he had absolutely not a groat remaining, my lord would quietly saddle his brown pad, and sallying forth on his favorite preserve, the Lincoln road, take the first purse he judged weighty enough for present necessities. To do this at his pleasure was the leader's sole prerogative; all other proceedings of the gang being carried on in concert, and with a common end.

These gentlemen, who had given themselves the name of the "Black-Thumbs," numbered about thirty, seldom more, as it was thought that any larger circle might include a traitor or two; seldom less, for no sooner did the insatiate maw of justice devour a member of the brotherhood than another stepped eagerly into the shoes kicked off at the gibbet. Such casualties, however, were far from numerous, even in those regretted "good old days," when nothing in the range of endeavor was easier than to get hanged; for every well-trained Black-Thumb was adroit as he was daring, and there was, moreover, a law—which being the only one recognized by these worthies, was observed with the more fidelity—that no member of their little commonwealth should imperil his valuable existence in petty individual ventures so long as any greater action was impending.

To their leader one and all were heartily devoted, executing his orders—whatsoever they might be—with that blind and absolute confidence which goes far toward insuring the result it anticipates.

Hence, then, it befell, that whenever any startling outrage, marked with peculiar features, was added to the daily catalogue of crime, suspicion, as a thing of course, fastened upon the dreaded Black-Thumbs, and hence the worthy magistrate believed he saw the impression of these sooty digits in the deed he was investigating.

As yet, he felt, the conclusion was premature, and suggested by the mysterious and motiveless character of the outrage.

What, in the first place, was its real nature?

It must have been one of three things: A planned assassination. An interrupted burglary, with violence supervening. A simple abduction, or kidnapping.

That it was a purposed assassination seemed the least probable of all. The generous, frank old man had not an enemy on earth. It was beyond the pale of likelihood that such a deed should have been attempted under such circumstances, by day, in the victim's own dwelling, when the slightest scuffle must provoke alarm. And then, what murderer would multiply the chances of detection tenfold by seeking to remove the mutilated body?

The theory of an interrupted robbery was surely negatived by the fact that those who carried off the body might with infinitely greater facility have possessed themselves of the money and valuables they came to seek. Such things, it has been stated, were lying about where they could not escape notice, and in the very drawer that had been heard to open and reclose there was found, on examination, a bank-bill of large amount, and twenty-three guineas and a half in gold.

As touching the abductional hypothesis, had the object been the charming little heiress, Polly-my-Lamb, the enterprise, though lawless, were at least intelligible, but what advantage commensurate with the hazard could accrue to the assailants from the possession of the portly person of her excellent father?

After an interview with Mrs. Humpage—a kind but weak-minded woman, whom alarm and anxiety had rendered nearly imbecile—and with Polly-my-Lamb, who looked as white as a lily, but neither wept nor lamented, the magistrate returned to his office in a mood of unaccustomed depression. He endeavored to recall from some important country service an officer named Henry Armour, distinguished no less for his bull-dog courage than the sagacity with which he tracked the coldest scent. Mr. Armour, however, was beyond recall. The game he had been hunting had, for once, given him the slip at Liverpool, and made for North America. Without a moment's hesitation the stanch pursuer had flung a brace of pistols into his valise, and had started in chase by a ship then in the act of clearing out. So, for some months, Henry was not available.

The affairs of the missing gentleman were found to be in perfect order and high prosperity. For the last two or three years, as most of his friends were aware, he had been gradually restricting the sphere of his commercial operations, with the intention of withdrawing altogether from business as soon as practicable. This circumstance greatly facilitated the scrutiny that took place. The result of it went to show that Mr. Humpage had been in a position to retire with a fortune of upward of ninety thousand pounds.

By the time this conclusion was established poor Mrs. Humpage was no longer in a condition to take much interest in the matter. Many months had now passed since her husband's disappearance, and yet her health, whether bodily or mental, showed no symptom of recovering from the shock it had sustained. On the contrary, as hope faded, her feebleness of frame and disturbance of spirit augmented together. She was rapidly sinking into imbecility, and presently conceived an idea that her husband was not only alive, but in his own house, observing, however, some peculiar line of conduct which she could not comprehend. She was perpetually hearing his voice or step. Sometimes caught sight of him as he passed from room to room, and on one occasion believed that he had entered her dressing-room, and bitterly upbraided her with failing to send aid to him in the deadly scuffle in which his life was taken (such was her incoherent fancy), and also with employing insufficient means for the detection of his murderers. It was in vain to combat these hallucinations, in which she was at last permitted to indulge. Before the expiration of a twelvemonth from the fatal day the poor woman had sunk into a state which admitted no hope of amendment.

The change that had come over Polly-my-Lamb was, though widely different, scarcely less remarkable. Those months of feverish anxiety had dealt with her as might an unnaturally fervid atmosphere with blossoms of another kind, and led her to a forced maturity. Gone, gone forever, was the merry, saucy little romp, whose whole existence was like a continual dance; from whose sweet face sleep itself could scarcely chase away the smile; whose small feet, decorated with the well-known frilled pantaloons, came twinkling down the street, sending thrills of delight and jealousy to the hearts of the susceptible youthhood of the precinct, whose idol and empress she had been. In place of her, there sat beside the mother's bed a calm, stern, self-reliant, jealous-judging little woman.

Between Polly-my-Lamb and her kind papa there had existed a degree of attachment rarely witnessed even in that dear relationship. Except in those hours when the elder play-fellow was immersed in business, the two were seldom seen apart; and it is certain that the merchant would have grudged even that necessary interval of separation from his darling, had it not been devoted to the work of building up for her a fortune it was his intention to render, according to the estimate of that time—colossal.

That kind of amazement with which youth receives the first buffet in the battle of life, like a wound that stuns, came mercifully to deaden the actual smart of the child's wound at first. Poor little Polly-my-Lamb could not at all realize the fact that her father was *gone*. Her heart seemed to grope round in a bewildered way, seeking something that was missing from its daily sensible existence. Then, after a little time, the child rallied her reasoning powers—a process no doubt accelerated by the necessity of attending much to her mother, whose grief, loud and incessant, importuned all within its reach. Strength is gained by helping the weak. The child then began to reflect, and to be strong. Bitter as was her grief, and deep the wound that was galled and irritated by every sound and object the household circle supplied, the sentiments of rage and revenge were entirely dominant. Polly-my-Lamb would have marched to the fiery stake (women did so, in her day, for counterfeiting crown pieces in pewter), if she could by no other means have included in that torture the assassins of her father.

Before the close of the year a second victim was borne from the mansion of the Three Elms. Mrs. Humpage yielded up her life and sorrows, and was laid to rest in the neighboring vaults of Saint James the Martyr.

CHAPTER II.

So poor Polly-my-Lamb was left in the rich desolate house alone. Neither of her parents possessed any near relations. As for friends, the wayward child repelled every attempt to comfort her, every offer to bear her company, in her affliction.

Two visitors only, after a short time, were admitted, Mr. Bellamy, the family solicitor, and Sir James Polhill, the chief magistrate. The former laid before her her father's will, in which he had bequeathed one half of his large fortune to his wife, with remainder to his daughter, the other moiety to trustees, for the benefit of the latter until her marriage or coming of age. Thus the whole property, producing, in those days, nearly six thousand pounds income, seemed likely to centre absolutely in the young mistress, now just fifteen, of the house of Three Elms. Sir James could with difficulty repress a start, so complete a transformation had the last two or three months effected in the appearance and demeanor of his young friend. He had come to visit the little thing, as on former occasions, in a sort of caressing, comforting, head-patting way, and here was a young woman, with set features and chill blue eyes, waving him to a somewhat distant seat, and awaiting with polite frigidity the explanation of his visit.

Sir James found himself stammering words of commonplace condolence, and general offers of service, and was scarcely astonished when she cut him short:

"You can neither help nor comfort me, Sir, nor can you even recompense me for this intr—" (His benevolent look stopped her as though he had held up a warning hand)—"interruption of the grief I prefer to indulge in privacy, except in one way. Tell me that the law has overtaken the—murderers."

A deadly paleness overspread her face as she ground the last word, almost inaudible, between her set teeth.

"Such tidings, my dear young lady, we hope shortly—"

"I know, I know!" burst in the child, clutching her fingers together, and beating them impatiently against her bosom. "Always the same, always the same!"

"We—we have done our utmost," replied Sir James, rising.

"I am glad to hear you say so," was the unexpected answer. "It is time, then, that others began."

"My dear?"

"It can never be meant that this wicked murder should go unpunished, even in a world that can not, as it seems, administer the laws it makes. I know that it is to be found out, and it shall—yes, it *shall*," she added, her eyes wide open, and gleaming like a sibyl's. "If you can not trace these wicked men, *I*—child as you think me—will do it. For no other end will I breathe. The wealth he left will help to secure it. Henceforth I know no hope, no care, no pleasure, but to revenge him. If you wish to be assured that I am in earnest, read this."

And she put into his hand a copy of the *Newsman*, published that day.

The magistrate read:

"A reward of one thousand pounds sterling will be paid to whomsoever shall furnish reliable information touching the disposal of the body, living or dead, of Basil Humpage merchant, of Jermyn Street. Address the Police-office, Bow Street."

"This is tempting, indeed," said Sir James. "When was this notice sent?"

"Yesterday."

"And your friends—do they approve this offer?"

"I have no friends: and I want my father."

"Well, well, my dear," said the good magistrate, "I, at least, have no right to thwart your plans, though we might differ in our modes of action. You are a young lady of remarkable energy and self-reliance. If these be well directed, good results may as surely follow as though they had been the fruits of greater experience. I was about to tell you, a moment since, that I hope to-morrow to introduce a new auxiliary, for whom I have been waiting somewhat anxiously. For the present, farewell."

Polly-my-Lamb sat at the window this day, for the first time since her mother's death, and looked out with orphan eyes upon the world. It was dreary, dripping weather. At intervals a rude wind swept the street, which was filled with staggering chairs, the bearers hardly able to make good their way against the sudden gyrations of the fitful storm.

The poor child's eyes were hot and dry, but her heart was full of tears. One thought possessed her wholly, raged within her—revenge for her father. But, how to obtain it? Scheme after scheme was revolved and dismissed, not for their too-extended grasp, but from the difficulties that attended every attempt to reduce them to detail. Thus it was not so easy, in practice, to raise a regiment of determined men, each sworn, upon enlistment, to spend the last drop of his blood in the quest of Humpage. There were, again, material difficulties in the way of fitting out a vessel for the purpose of visiting every country in the world, and ransacking its jails for any relenting ruffian who could throw light upon the great English murder. And, further, even supposing that six knights could be found, who, for an outfit of, say five hundred pounds apiece, and a handsome prize to the successful champion, would meet at Charing Cross, and take different roads in search of her father, it was far more probable that these intrepid cavaliers would themselves evanish, than that any one of the brotherhood should return triumphant.

There was one alternative left, and though our young lady was not insensible to its romantic aspect, and indeed could have actually named to herself the very legend which furnished the idea, she nevertheless resolved on its adoption, and, in pursuance of such resolution, within a few moments Polly-my-Lamb might have been seen kneeling before the portrait of her father, pledging herself to Heaven, by the most solemn vows, and with tearful earnestness, to yield her hand and fortune only to him who should discover and make known to her her father's fate.

She was happier after that. Polly-my-Lamb reseated herself in the window, and once more gazed out upon the dreary day.

What object can that be that first enchains her eyes with a fixed and wondering gaze, then makes her redden, then grow pale, then start away, and yet again steal back for another wistful look?

Nothing more extraordinary than a little white face, made yet smaller by masses of brown hair, through which two large heavy-lidded eyes gaze sadly out, as if answering hers; the face of a youth about her own age, supported by pillows, in the window of the opposite house. The little lady's first impression on catching sight of the poor worn invalid was one of pity—her second, of mingled wonder and interest, as the singular beauty that even such trying accessories could not cloud slowly revealed itself. Divided from him only by a few yards, she could easily distinguish the change of expression that stole into the boy's face and lit up every lineament, as he faintly put back the clustering locks, and fastened his large eyes upon his young neighbor, as if she had been that for which alone he had fought successfully with death.

"If it were not sick, I should have imagined it an angel," thought Polly-my-Lamb, simply.

She had shrunk, with instinctive delicacy, from the fixed gaze, but now crept back for a moment. The sick face had returned to its languid apathy again at sight of her, light and color reappeared, while the large eager eyes feasted hungrily as before. The girl's heart throbbed, as if—disdaining counsel of reason or will—replying at once to this strange homage. Who and what could he be?

THE TWO TRAVELERS.

Some years ago two gentlemen and a lady had taken their places in the diligence from Paris to Havre. One of the gentlemen, M. Mallaquet, a merchant of the capital, as indolent in mind as in body, slept profoundly from the commencement; the other, M. Lussac, a commercial traveler, a person of a very animated character, did not allow his tongue to rest a single instant. Among other things which he mentioned he let it escape that he had on him fifteen thousand francs in bank-bills, and that the greater part of the sum was intended for the purchase of colonial productions, and the rest as a present for his wife.

M. Mallaquet, on the contrary, during the rare intervals when he was sufficiently awake to speak, said simply that he was going to Havre.

The diligence arrived at Pontoise, where the horses were changed. As the road from that point ascends, the conductor proposed to the travelers that they should walk up the hill. Lussac embraced the proposal with pleasure, and Mallaquet, from politeness, affected to be no less delighted, though, in fact, he had no desire to put his legs in movement.

They both started up the hill, then, and the diligence followed them.

Soon darkness came on. But the travelers continued to hear the diligence rolling behind them. At the end of some time they both remarked that they had wandered from the right road. They wished to return thereto, but the sound of the wheels no longer reached them. The indolent Mallaquet grew afraid. Muttering a few oaths he began to march at a more rapid rate, and this sudden change gave birth in the soul of M. Lussac to a sombre presentiment. Remembering his imprudent avowal about the fifteen thousand francs which he had with him, the most lugubrious ideas agitated his mind. He asked himself in terror whether this suspected companion had not plotted with the conductor to rob him in some solitary place. Perhaps, he also thought, another accomplice might be lurking in some spot near, ready to pounce on him. In truth poor Lussac deemed himself a lost man; he determined, therefore, to be on his guard.

With regard to Mallaquet, when he saw Lussac become suddenly silent, he at once conceived similar suspicions to those of his companion. He had not, it is true, like Lussac, been guilty of any indiscretion endangering his own interests; but his pockets were filled with important papers, and the avowal of his companion appeared to him now only an adroit trick to inspire him with confidence. Keeping at as great a distance as possible from each other, the two travelers watched each other's movements. At last a marsh coming in the way forced them into immediate contact on a narrow path. Their alarm and distrust went on increasing. Mallaquet raised his hand to wipe his brow, bathed with perspiration. Lussac then stopped, thinking that he saw in his companion's hand an instrument of murder. However, to brace his courage a little, he likewise raised his hand to take a pinch of snuff. Mallaquet, seeing this, stooped down to the muddy ground to escape the expected pistol-shot.

After some time passed in the anguish of these mutual suspicions, Lussac determined to give utterance to his dread in words. "We must," said he, "be thoroughly on our guard here. It is the very demon himself who has thrown us thus on the high-road in the middle of the night. Fortunately if we meet with any misfortune or attack there is nothing to be found on me but empty pockets."

"Indeed," replied Mallaquet, "you surely forget the fifteen thousand francs which you have with you."

"Oh! that was all nonsense," cried Lussac; "my words on this point were the merest wind; of course I was only joking."

This speech did not fail to increase the terror of Mallaquet.

"Well, whatever happens," he said, after a few moment's hesitation, "I am determined not to yield till I have fired my pistol as often as I can."

"Pistol!" exclaimed Lussac; "but do you not know that it is forbidden to carry arms?"

"Forbidden, do you say?" continued Mallaquet, assuming an air of great courage: "there are resolute fellows, however, who do not much regard—who, in fact, laugh at—such prohibitions."

This conversation was interrupted by the trot of a horse; the rider was a postillion, who told our travelers that they had gone astray, and that they had, at least, a walk of two hours to the nearest posting-station. Both, more alarmed than ever, sought relief in furious oaths.

Presently a carriage passed; Mallaquet and Lussac rushed toward it. Lussac wanted to get up behind, but the coachman struck him so fiercely with his whip that he was forced to let go his hold. Behold our travelers then dragging their weary limbs anew along the high-road.

A light gleamed in the distance. Our travelers, drowned in perspiration and crushed by fatigue, marched toward the spot where the light was shining. It was a village; every body had gone to bed; but they at last succeeded in discovering an inn.

Fresh mishap! All the rooms were occupied; but the landlord, yielding after a while to their passionate requests, gave them the room which he had reserved for himself. Hungry and weary, however, the two companions felt the irresistible need for some food. The delay caused by the repast was marked by an absolute silence; and in nearly the same silence Mallaquet and Lussac prepared with their exhausted frames to taste the sweets of repose.

"The moment I am in bed," thought Mallaquet, "I shall pretend to be asleep. I shall even snore with tolerable emphasis if needful; but I shall keep myself alert for whatever may occur."

As for M. Lussac, after having slipped his portfolio under his pillow, wished his companion good-night, and blown out the candle, he placed himself as cozily in the bed as he could, but kept his eyes fixed in the darkness on the corner of the room where the brigand was.

Two hours passed away, marked by the most complete immobility on both sides. The first feeble light of the dawn was beginning to peep through when M. Lussac perceived his neighbor rising with precaution, and approaching his own bed on tip-toe. Mallaquet then stooped down over M. Lussac's face. M. Lussac's heart beat like a steam-engine. Fortunately, however, he had his knife opened and ready under the bed-clothes. He asked himself whether he ought not to be beforehand with the assassin. But a little cowardice, and the excess of his emotion, forced him to wait, without stirring, the development of events. M. Mallaquet again gathered some assurance from the air of tranquillity which he, who deemed himself a victim, simulated. He went back to bed with contented heart. And the result was, that neither of the travelers having slept, but neither of them also having suffered any greater harm than a good fright, they set out in the course of the morning arm in arm for Rouen, became intimate friends, and ended by forming a commercial partnership. The house Mallaquet and Company still prospers at Paris, and each of the partners amuses himself with telling the singular circumstances which led to their business relations. It is never, however, without emotion that M. Mallaquet hears M. Lussac speaking of the moment when the knife was kept ready under the bed-clothes for a fatal stab.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE WAYS OF LIFE.

There's a right way, and there's a left way, and there is, also, a middle way. The latter course is apparently the most followed, for meet a dozen people in the course of the day, and the chances are that eleven out of the twelve will, if you ask them, "Well, how are you getting on?" instantly reply, "Oh! middling, thank you." There are more middle-men in this world than any others.

The other day, one John Double was convicted of bigamy under extenuating circumstances, and sentenced to one month's imprisonment. That was not much; but still, if Double is worthy of his name, has he not a right to have two wives?

The reason why ladies' watches are made of the diminutive size they are, is because time is generally such a very small object in a lady's eyes.

ODE TO MY WIFE'S MILLINER.

Dearer to me than I dared to think:
Dearer to me than the flowering Pink!
Dearer to me than many I've known
Of the little Milliners now full blown.
Ah! When she came for her bill to call,
Then, then I found she was dearer than all.

Literary Notice.—*Books for every Month.*—The Banker's Book, illustrated with figures. The Butcher's Book—motto, "The times are out of joint." "Some suits for a Barrister, with a long account of the Same," by our own Tailor.

Masters and mistresses are fond of calling servants "the greatest plagues of life." We are extremely curious to know what servants are in the habit of calling their masters and mistresses? Depend upon it, it is something extremely endearing!

If the clerk were to burn a pastile in church, what would be the effect?—The congregation would be incensed, and the parson in a fume.

A Contradiction in Terms.—The very bluntest observations are often pointed.

Substitute for Eau Sucrée.—Take a quantity of slush, and sweeten it with charcoal.

A man attains his majority at twenty-one, but it is difficult to say when a woman attains hers. There are different terms applied to the two sexes. For instance, whoever heard of a lady spoken of as being "*under* age?"

USEFUL FAMILY RECIPES.

To Stuff a Heir.—First catch your heir; then invite him to your table, and stuff him with all the good things that you are able. In pressing them upon him do not be rebuffed, and if your heir be young he will soon be nicely stuffed.

To Dish a Bore.—Invite your bore to dinner, and, as an additional inducement for him to be sure to come, just drop a casual hint that you intend to have some turtle. This you will be careful to forget to order; and if you tell your cook to send up nothing in its place, and then let your bore sit down to a cold shoulder of mutton, with no pudding to follow, you may rest assured that he is very nicely dished.

To Remove Corns.—Cut away as much of your corns as you are able, then place your kitchen poker in the fire, and, when it is white-hot, apply it pretty freely to each corn in succession, until you feel quite certain that they are all removed.

QUEER QUERIES.

Ought a pair of trowsers which have been obtained on credit to be legally regarded as breeches of trust?

When a man happens to speak with a quiver in his voice, is it right to think his speech an-arrow-minded one?

Would a promissory note which is made payable at sight be a legal tender to an inmate of a blind asylum?

PLAIN TRUTHS FOR PLAIN PEOPLE.

Chess is nothing unless it is played on the square.

Small talk is like small beer—a little of it goes a very great way.

Pure milk, unlike the pure truth, is good for nothing when drawn from the well.

You may depend upon it, but no man of the name of Smith likes being joked about it.

Talking of dogs, the late Mr. Job Candle was wont to remark, in his jocular moods, to his children, that Ma's tiffs were utterly destructive of Pa's time.

Never interrupt ladies when speaking—you may hear of something to your advantage. If there is any exception to this rule, it is perhaps where one of the interlocutors is your mother-in-law.

The Nearest Approach to the Millennium.—If we would only love others one half so much as we love ourselves, what a happy world it would be!

Pearls are found in oysters, and oysters rarely cost more than a shilling a dozen, but still it strikes us that a man would have to shell out to a pretty considerable extent before he could expect to meet with a single pearl.

At Abbotsford a little child's cradle is shown, not as belonging to the great poet, but as being actually Sir Walter's Cot!

Mrs. Grundy says she can't abear that nasty prize-fighting, because it sometimes occasions the employment of Light Weights.

A Commercial Truth.—Money, like a boot, when it's tight, is extremely trying.

Extravagance in Fashionable Life.—When poverty comes in at the door, the Turkey carpet hangs out of the window.

Pure Ethics.—Why is a selfish man a good Christian?—Because he loves his worst enemy; that is, himself.

A short time ago there was in vogue a head-dress called the sugar-loaf bonnet. Young ladies generally considered it a sweet thing.

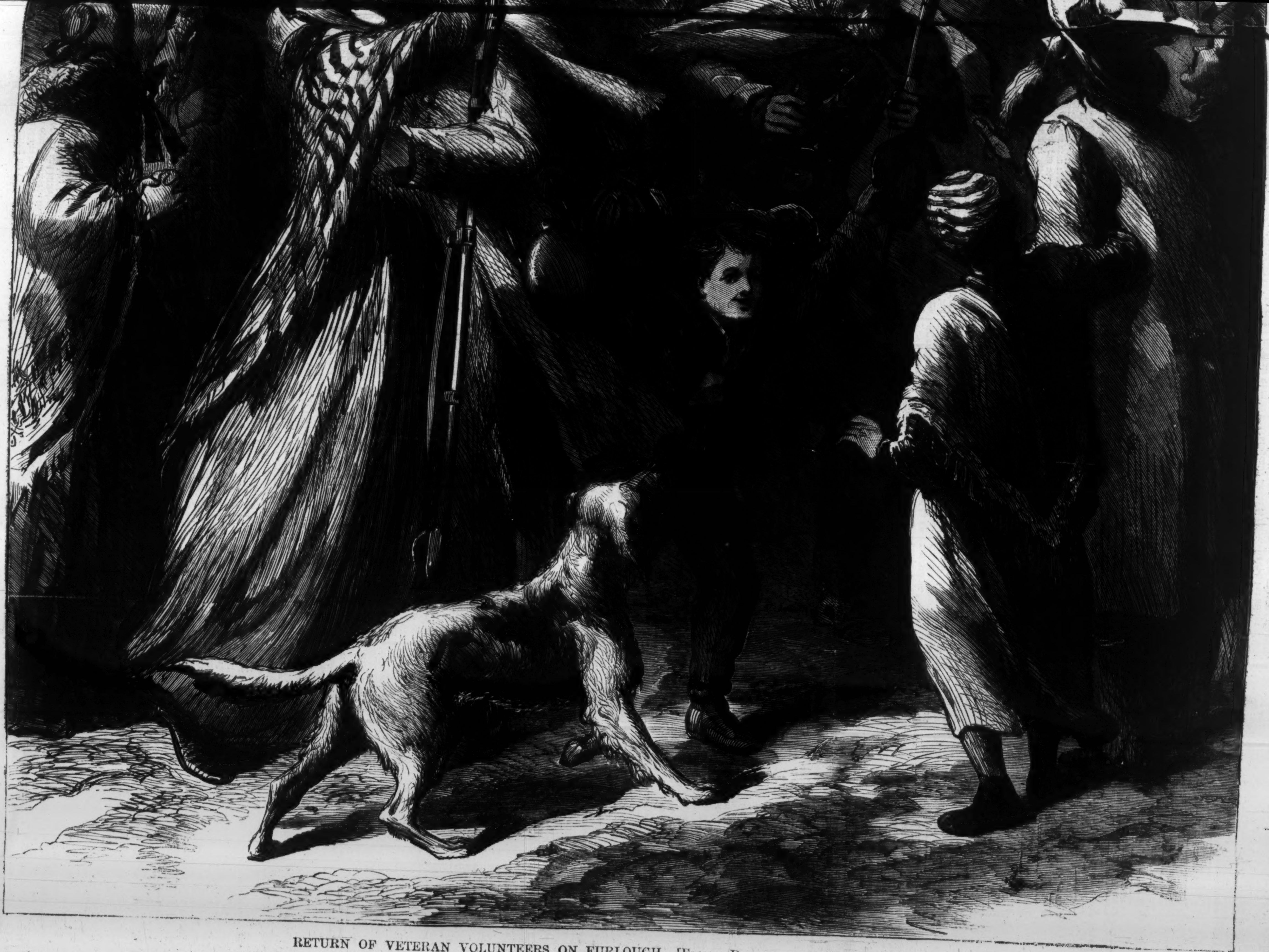
Domestic Economy.—The best thing you can do with measly pork is to cure it.

The Cup that neither Cheers nor Inebriates.—The hiccup.

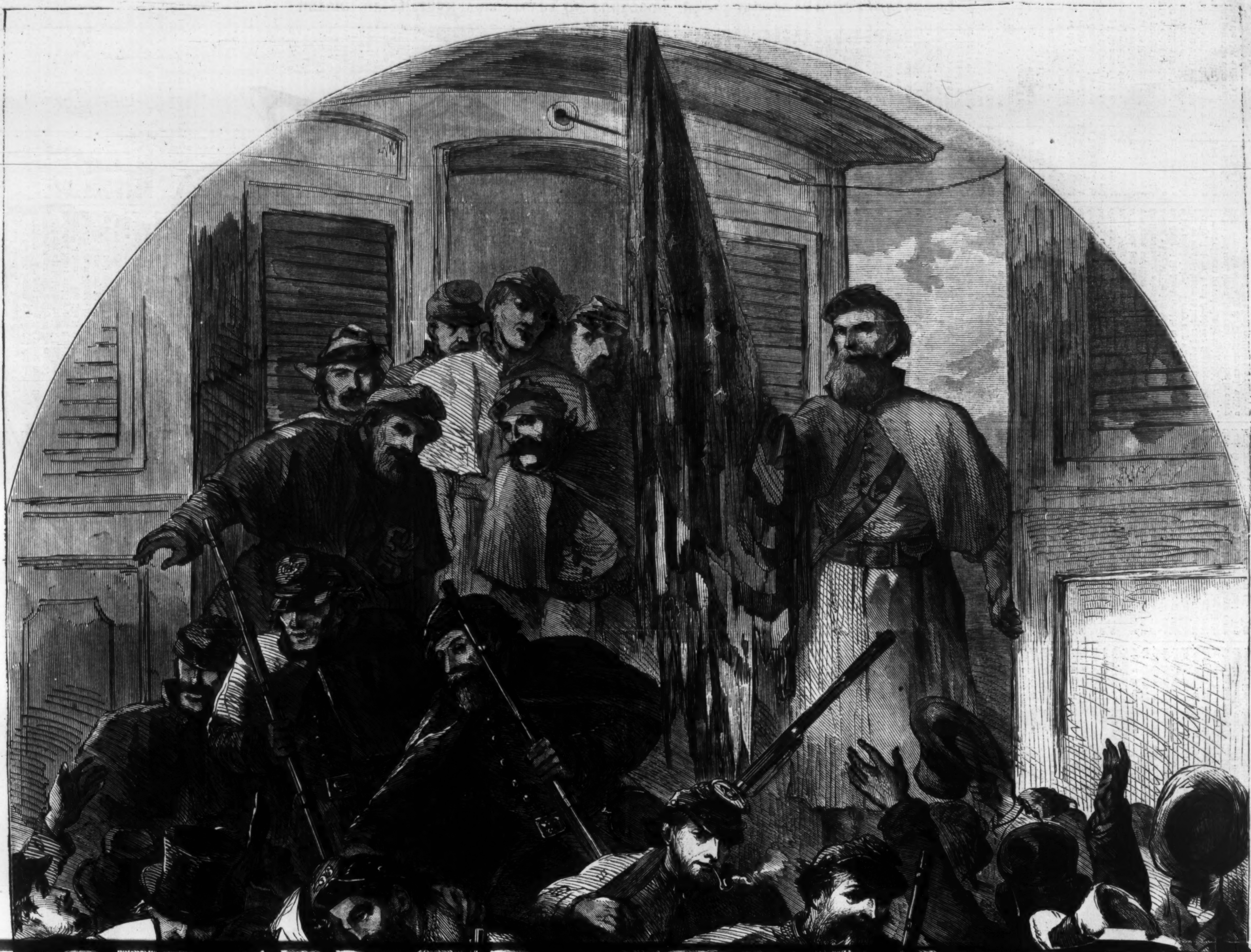
Why is a person of an even temper like Greek fire?—Because you can't put him out.

Grace before meat—as the young lady said when she laced herself too tight to swallow.

Cure for Baldness.—Onions rubbed frequently on the head are said to restore the hair. They will certainly make it grow strong.



RETURN OF VETERAN VOLUNTEERS ON FURLOUGH.—[From a Drawing by Mr. Daniel R. Knight.]



THE GREAT STORM IN THE WEST.

THE Western papers come to us full of the most thrilling accounts of the recent great snow-storm in the West, which covered an area of three thousand miles, and was of unparalleled severity. Those who were carefully housed against the extremities of cold easily avoided the stinging punishment of this great calamity: but what frail barriers stood between it and exposed poverty! The recital of the sufferings of those on board the Western trains is peculiarly affecting. The Chicago *Times* of the 3d instant tells the story of a single train on its way to that city, and the fearful extremities to which it was reduced. On page 49 we give an illustration representing the disastrous incident.

The Michigan Central, due at Chicago at half past 10 o'clock in the evening, proceeded with considerable difficulty for seven miles—a distance which it was able to reach only at 6 o'clock the next morning—when the train plunged into an immense drift, which barred all further progress. The situation was one of great peril, and the only hope of rescue lay in the arrival of the Michigan Southern train, which must cross the track of the Central Road at a distance of four hundred yards from where the train was imbedded. But who could tell but that this expected train might also be in a like situation? Over a hundred passengers occupied the three passenger-cars, and many of them were women and children, besides two wounded soldiers. The fires were almost out, and if not replenished there was no escape from a frozen death. Strong men nerved themselves for the emergency, and, digging through snow-banks ten feet in depth, found some fence rails, which they brought on board for fuel. But out of this momentary relief arose a fresh disaster. The violent draft of wind through the burning pine soon brought the stoves and pipes to a red heat, and the roof of one of the cars was shortly in a blaze. What was to be done? If the flames were not put down every car was doomed, as it was impossible to separate one from another. The question of life or death rested between the strength of the passengers and of that fire. Both men and women fought the flames with snow, until at length they were thoroughly subdued. Then again, after the menace of the fire, came that of the bitter cold. The roof had been burned off, and the wind and snow beat in without mercy. This car was no longer tenable, and into the other two the hundred passengers had hardly been crowded when one of these was on fire. Again the enemy was fought and baffled; but again was it necessary for the entire company to transfer themselves to the single remaining car. It was now 2 o'clock in the afternoon. No help was at hand, and after the exhausting labors of the forenoon the passengers seemed resigned to indifference, as if their fate were settled. But the hoped-for train came at last, and stopped for the sufferers on this miserable land-wreck.

THE REAL MURDERER.

I.

I STOOD for several minutes looking in through the shop-window, while my heart still shrank back from the course I had marked out. If the bookseller had been a stern, even a business-like looking man, I should have given it up; but he was mild and melancholy, and had the nervous aspect of a man who had lately received a severe mental shock. Having studied his face well, I walked in quietly, and in a subdued, but steady manner, told him I was in immediate want of work, and that I had heard he was making inquiries for a woman to undertake the stitching in the binding-room of his establishment. He replied, with a scared and sidelong glance at an inner room, that he was indeed in urgent want of a stitching-woman, but he also required one who would live in the house, as his family were not coming to dwell there; and that no person who had applied for the place would consent to that arrangement. To me, on the contrary, it contained a promise of success, which I seized instantly.

"Sir," I said, "I know all the circumstances; but I am without a home, and I shall be willing to agree to your terms. I am not easily frightened; and I have been used to living in a house alone for many years."

He seemed relieved by my words and steady tone; but he regarded me with a slight air of surprise and curiosity, seeing in me only a very quiet, ordinary person, dressed in the plainest garb of a work-woman. The terms he proposed were liberal enough, and I agreed to them on the spot; only desiring him to let me look over the work-rooms and dwelling-place. Mr. Saxon called to an assistant to take charge of the shop, and then led the way himself. The house was empty of furniture, save a few articles in the kitchen which I was to inhabit, and in a kind of office for Mr. Saxon's use directly behind the shop. Passing through the empty chambers we ascended to the second floor and entered the binding-room, a large, low, unceiled workshop, containing an old unused printing-press, and the binding-press, upon which lay the tools just left by the binder, whose feet we heard descending the outer stair as we went in from the house. In one corner of the room there was a steep staircase. Taking up the candle from the table where Mr. Saxon had put it down, I stepped quickly and decisively toward it, without waiting for any remark or objection, and he followed me, though in silence and with some hesitation. The stairs opened, without a doorway, into an attic occupying the whole length of the premises, with the black beams and rafters of the peaked roof rising high overhead. A narrow dormer-window, set into a little gable in the slope of the roof, cast a scanty streak of the red evening light across one end of the attic, leaving the space beyond in deeper gloom. The blackened floor was crowded with piles of reams of paper reaching up to the blackened roof, with here and there a narrow passage between them, the widest of which led to a closet at the furthest end, divided by a slight partition of lath and plaster, and forming a separate room completely dark and secret. I made my way to it with some difficulty, and found it so filled with paper that there was not space for a single person to enter it. I stood still for a minute gazing down the close walls of paper to the fading light in the sky, a single line of lurid red just visible through the dormer-window; and then I returned to my white-faced and nervous master.

"You tell me you know all the circumstances, young woman?" he said, in a low and tremulous tone.

"I read them in the papers, Sir," I answered, "and I happened to have a relation who once worked here—before your time—and we were interested about it. Yonder closet is the very place where old Mr. Saxon was found dead—murdered, I suppose. Do you think the young man, the apprentice, was really guilty of the crime?"

"I can not tell," he replied, hastily; "the jury acquitted him; and by this time he has left the country, I hear. But this is no place to talk about it. Are you willing to live in the house alone?"

"Sir, I am very poor," I said, "and it will suit my means to live where I shall have no rent to pay. You see for yourself I am not nervous. I have not even a place to go to to-night, and I dislike the lodging-houses."

There was little risk in taking me in, for all the chambers and work-shops could be secured; and after my master had scanned my face for a moment with his sidelong gaze, he gave his consent for me to take possession at once, glad to meet with a decent-looking woman who would live in the house. In an hour's time I had removed my few goods into the empty dwelling, and Mr. Saxon, after locking up his own room and the shop, had taken his departure, bidding me good-night kindly, but with an air of mingled wonder and satisfaction. I lighted a fire in the kitchen-grate, perhaps for the first time since the murdered man had perished in the attic two stories overhead; and drawing up the only chair in the place to the warm and lightsome hearth, I sat down with my face resting upon my spread hands, and with my hearing unnaturally keen for every sound, I began to think, and consider, and ponder over many things in my heart.

Until six weeks before I had been earning my own living comfortably by the embroidery of religious vestments, in my native town about ten miles from this; being also betrothed, and on the eve of marriage to George Denning, the foreman and ornamental bookbinder for the murdered man. Through his influence, my only brother, a lad six years younger than I, had been received into the same establishment, and worked under him at the bookbinding. Our marriage had been put off from time to time, until George could furnish the cottage he had taken, which was somewhat larger and better than befitted our position, so as to satisfy our fastidious tastes, which had been cultivated and fostered by the beauty of our employments. Besides, George was not without some restless ambition, and, though the murdered man was always considered very close and miserly, still he had business sense enough to pay well for the first-rate workmanship, by which George brought repute and money to his establishment.

The last embroidery I ever traced was an altar-cloth of crimson velvet, upon which I had just finished working the letters "I. H. S." with rays of golden glory round them, when George Denning rushed in, ghastly and almost breathless, and followed closely by a policeman. He said, though his white lips almost refused to speak the words, that old Mr. Saxon had been found dead in the paper-room, and that Willie was missing. Though his voice shook, he spoke hurriedly, before the policeman could check him, as if to give me a hint to conceal any thing I knew. But I knew nothing. All the sunny morning I had been tranquilly embroidering the sacred "I. H. S." upon the crimson altar-cloth, thinking only of the home that was preparing for me, while the murdered man lay dead, and Willie was fleeing or hiding for his life. And wherefore should *he* flee or hide?

I would not write that dream of agony if I could. Willie was discovered in the darkest corner of the steerage of an emigrant ship bound for America, just as he had fled, without luggage, almost without a shilling after his passage was paid. He refused resolutely to give any explanation of his conduct. But there was nothing, save his mysterious flight, to fix the crime upon him, though the whole attic was ransacked for some clew to the murderers under the vigilant superintendence of George Denning. The feeble, infirm old man had been found dead just outside the closet door, with traces of a vehement struggle for life about him, and with reams of paper fallen upon him in such a manner as to prove that the murderer had thrown them down in making his escape. But no scrap of evidence could be brought against Willie, though suspicion, even my own, was strong against him; and he pleaded with tears at his trial—for he was committed to take his trial at the assizes—that he was not guilty.

That was the verdict returned by the jury, after a fearfully prolonged deliberation. Even I did not fully believe in his innocence, so deadly was the mystery of his flight; but guilty, or not guilty, he belonged to me alone, and there was no one else to receive him when the law released him. They gave him up to me, this pale, slight, boyish stripling of twenty, with fair curls and soft blue eyes and tremulous lips like our mother's—this boy branded with the foul accusation of murder. We had to be attended by policemen as we trod our sorrowful way through the streets, and while Willie cowered into the furthest corner of the railway-carriage, screening himself behind me, strange faces came to stare in upon us; but no man took his seat beside us. A dull drizzling rain, the rain that comes with an east wind, was falling when we reached our native town; yet behind us, and on each side, but at a marked distance, as if some ban was upon us, there went with us through the old familiar streets, a band of pointing, whispering witnesses, while Willie leaned heavily upon my arm and drooped his head, unable to bear the dim light of the clouded sky. Every step was a heart-pang. But we reached home at last, and while he slunk in hastily, I turned and faced our townspeople, until most of them moved silently and quickly away.

He had sunk down, faint and quivering in every limb, upon the settle by the fire-place, and, with a strange calmness, I set about getting tea ready, as I had done many a Sunday evening when George and he had come over to see me. There was a dreary resemblance to Sunday in that evening. All my work, my embroidery frames and reels of colored silks, were cleared away out of sight, and we were wearing our Sunday dress; even the church bells were chiming for the week-day service, and the old alms-woman, who had been in to light our fire, had placed the Bible and hymn-book upon the table. We were very quiet, too; quieter than we ever were when George was about the house; but I was expecting him every minute, and so was Willie. All the evening, through the splash of the rain and the moan of the wind, we listened for the clicking of the latch under his hand. But I began to understand his absence, as the clock ticked out the creeping hours moment by moment; and still George never came. I called myself down in the depths of my heart, and even there I tried to root out the thought lest it should ever betray itself in words; I called myself the sister of a murderer, and renounced all claim to be George Denning's wife.

I formed my plans while Willie slept like a child, worn out with the deathly agitation of the day; his full, pouting lips relaxing into smiles of content as he lay along the old settle, and the fire-light playing upon his bleached face, which but a few weeks since had borne such a brave look of coming manhood. My hoard, which I had been saving against my wedding, had been spent upon his defense, and I had not enough money to take us both together to America; he could not stay behind, so he should go on before me, and I would continue my embroidering until I could earn sufficient to join him. I know now that there was in my inmost thoughts a secret, subtle hope that when he was fairly gone George would seek me again, and that there might still be something of the happiness we had so long looked forward to in the future. Willie agreed to my plan eagerly, and pressed forward the few preparations we had to make; so that in another week I went with him to Liverpool, and engaged a berth in an emigrant ship for him, with no fear of his being arrested and brought back now. But of that one awful subject we never spoke to one another, though the boy's manhood seemed crushed into the helplessness and indecision of a child, appealing and clinging to me until the last moment, as if he could not part with me. I stood upon the landing-stage, watching the vessel as it was towed down the river, till the fog into which it was sailing covered it from my eyes; and then I opened a scrap of paper which Willie had pressed into my hand at parting:

"What *can* I do?" was written upon it. "Sister, I am heart-broken for you, but I could die thankfully if I knew you would be happy. George Denning knows I am as innocent of this crime as an unborn babe. If he would only tell you I am not guilty I would be satisfied. Sister, you do not believe it yet, but only hear what he can say. He knows that I am innocent."

I read these sentences over until the one idea they expressed took full possession of my mind. George could prove at least to me that my Willie was innocent, and I must obtain this proof from him by any means. All the time I was traveling down to the town I was pondering over this secret. It was in George Denning's heart; but was not I there too? and had he not a thousand times declared he could not, if he would, conceal a thought from me? True, it must be full of anguish and shame, or even, maybe, some partnership in guilty knowledge, or George would have come forward at once to free my brother. Yet both of them had kept silence; and Willie had risked his life upon the secret. But whatever this mystery was between my young brother and my betrothed husband, I had a right to know it, and decide upon it for myself—I, no longer a child, but a woman, who had battled with the world. Endless speculations crossed my mind, always strengthening my resolution to spend my life, if that were necessary, in clearing Willie from the false accusation which had sent him forth a stranger among strangers.

I knew the way to the pretty cottage in the suburbs of the town; for I had been there once, not long since, with George and Willie, to see the preparations they were both making for me after their work-hours. Something of the old hope and confidence awoke, as from a long and miserable trance, when I swung back the garden wicket, and walked slowly down the path to the porch, where he and I had sat together, talking in interrupted whispers, that one and only time I ever crossed his threshold. I needed only a few words from his lips; and though Willie and I might have something to forgive, how easy it would be to forgive him! I was not thinking of the murdered man at all, and scarcely of crime, in connection with George; only that there was a painful secret between us, and he must disclose it to me. As I lingered in the porch, before the door which was to have opened to me as a cherished wife, the latch was lifted from within, and George Denning stood face to face with me. It was only a few weeks since we had met, but they had wrought the changes of a lifetime in him. When I had known him in that far distant past he was a strong, powerful man, with the energy of a warm spirit in every feature of his handsome face. Now he stood before me gaunt, and pale, and shattered, with a drooping head, and languid eyes that hardly kindled into life as they rested suddenly upon me. He stretched out his trembling hand to the door-post for support, but it seemed to me like a barrier to prevent my entrance.

"I am not coming in," I said; but the strong man reeled giddily, and would have stumbled over his own threshold if I had not extended my arms to his help. He sank down upon the porch seat, and, leaning his head upon my shoulder, he groaned bitterly.

"Oh, Rachel!" he cried, in a weak, querulous voice, like an ailing child, "how I have suffered! I have been ill almost to death, and longing all the time for one sight of you. But you have come back to me. God bless you, my Rachel! You have sought me out, and not cast me off. You are a true Christian, Rachel."

"Willie is gone," I answered, with a keen thrill of joy at his words of welcome. "It was we who thought you had forsaken us, never coming to see us, and I counting myself a murderer's sister. But Willie says you know he is innocent. Tell me, George; trust me with the secret. What is it? What can it be that could hinder you coming forward to clear Willie?"

My voice fell into a whisper as I uttered the last words; and in the silence that followed we could hear the far-away mournful under-tone from the life in the city, that always sounds to me like a ceaseless wailing over the sorrow and crime of the crowded homesteads. But in the gardens round us the birds were singing their last and gayest songs in the spring twilight; and the children, in their new freedom from the pinching cold of winter, were filling the quiet places with noisy laughter.

"Rachel," said George, raising himself up from leaning against me, and looking away from me with languid and gloomy eyes, "there is no secret. I know nothing but what you know. Of course Willie thinks that I believe him innocent, as I do, upon my own soul. How could a lad like him be guilty of such a crime? It will make no difference between us that suspicion fell upon him, Rachel. I meant to see him before he sailed, but I was so ill. See how I tremble even now!"

He did tremble like one of the young leaves upon the slender twigs of the poplar-trees in the hedgerows, and his voice was more shaken than his frame.

"George," I answered, "though I was Willie's own sister, I did not clear him. Why did he fly like a criminal, and hide for his life? There is some reason, some secret between you, and I will find it out. If it takes my whole life I must know it. There can be nothing more between us unless you will tell me. Oh! tell me. I love you; but I am no silly girl to love you blindly. I will never marry you with a mystery that may be murder between us. How did this old man die? Who was the murderer, George? And why should you and Willie risk every thing to screen him?"

"There is no mystery," he said, in a tone of weariness, and leaning his head back against the wall, with his eyes closed, and his pale sunken face upturned to mine; "I know nothing, Rachel. Willie fled in a kind of panic; that is all I know. You are sacrificing yourself and me for nothing; but if you will leave me, you must; I can not help it. I did not think you could speak and look like this; when I am ill, too. I should like you to go away now, and write to me when you are calmer. You excite me too much."

He spoke in the petulant manner of a sick man, and I tried to soothe him; but he seemed impatient for me to be gone, and I left him, looking back as I stepped out of the shadow of the porch, to catch a farewell glance of mingled agony and relief upon his wasted face. I went home to my native town, and settled my few affairs there, with the determination to return, and put myself into some position where I could watch him constantly, or regain my influence over him. I had heard of a woman being wanted in Mr. Saxon's binding-room, and I applied immediately to him for the place, giving an assumed name, and securing myself from detection as William Holland's sister.

II.

So all that night I sat up, being too wakeful and feverish for any thought of sleep; sometimes resting for an hour upon the haunted hearth, and then pacing to and fro through the empty, sounding rooms, and trying restlessly the locked doors of those work-rooms where I was to meet with George; for to-morrow, Mr. Saxon had said, his foreman, who had been dangerously ill, was about to resume his employment. He would not dream, let the visions of his troubled sleep be wild as they might be, of the meeting that lay before him on this day, that was dawning faint and gray through the deserted house. At an early hour the other workmen came, and saw in me a grave, quiet, dull woman, who was willing to be a drudge to her sewing-press; but I was waiting stealthily for George. To me there were no other beings in the world but our two selves, no other interest but the secret between us. I heard him coming up the outer stair, which led from the yard, step by step, while I sat still at the sewing-press, working at the handicraft I had learned as a child. There was something death-like in his face, a livid, leaden dawning of despair, when he saw me, though his former comrades flocked in from other work-rooms to welcome him. We were not alone once during the day; and as the hours passed by I perceived a change coming over his expression—a dogged, sullen aspect of resolve; a strong making up his mind to the contest with me.

I thought I had not entered upon my mode of action rashly, yet I had not in the least foreseen what my life would be. I reckoned upon George yielding in a few weeks at the utmost, and confiding his secret, whatever it might be, to my keeping. But I had not counted upon the slow and torturing death of love, and the deadly suspicion, ever strengthening itself, that sprang up in its place. My impressions of the crime I was setting myself to track out had been as vague as those of any woman's would be, when the guilt appeared to rest either upon her lover or her brother; nor had I measured my strength for the dreadful task I had chosen. When the hours of work were over, and every one except myself left the blood-stained and abandoned dwelling, then I began to know full well, with a deep, and keen, and awful insight, what the sin was which had driven my brother into exile, and the secret of which was hidden in the heart of my betrothed husband. Then—when there came the ghostly sense of a presence that had passed away bodily, but might still be lurking unheard and unseen about the place of violence; when my feet trod the stairs up which the murdered man had ascended to meet his death; when I sat upon the hearth, where he had rested for the last time, thinking little that its homely warmth and light were to be never more for him—then I realized the utter horror of the deed of murder that had hurried him out of life, without time for preparation or repentance. During the long summer evenings of the first year, after Mr. Saxon had gained enough confidence in me to leave the work-rooms unlocked, I used to mount to that fatal attic, where the daylight lingered some half-hour after it had forsaken the streets below; and amidst the countless pages of blank paper, wondered whether any of them would ever be employed in sending forth the haunting secret to the world. These walls which I could touch; yonder eye-like window with its beam of disclosing light; these had sheltered and shone upon the murderer in his deed, as they sheltered and shone upon me. This dead and secret closet, lying in accumulated darkness like a lurking-place for crime, what could not it tell me were the oppressive silence of the tainted attic once broken? The deep shadows always dwelling in the corners and under the steep rafters were only a degree less ghastly, for they seemed still to curtain it, than the murderous scene itself; yet they were there, as an irremovable veil before my eyes, from morning till evening.

At first there was keen expectation to keep me up. Every morning, when I heard George Denning's foot upon the stair, my heart beat with the hope that to-day he would break through his awful reserve. Every evening, as he tarried until all the workmen had left the premises, sometimes lingering and loitering about with a restless step and uncertain air, I felt certain that now he was about to speak. All day long he was in the same room with me. I could look at any moment into his set face, or compel him to reply to my questions about the work; but it was not possible to tear this secret from him after he had sealed it down in his inmost heart. It always seemed so near to me, so close to my possession; not a minute but it was in his power to utter it into my hearkening ears, but no craving, no supplication of mine could force that minute, or that utterance to come. With a dreary fellowship of despair and bitter regret, we were stifling day after day the love, which had been more the steady and long-tried affection of a man and woman than the fitful passion of a boy and girl. There was in his manner a grave and suffering dignity, but also a hopeless silence. It was as if some mute, inarticulate being possessed a knowledge that was essential to me, and I could read at times a faint hint of it in its troubled eyes, but could never hear it in its urgent import.

After twelve months of this desperate conflict between us, I was told he was going to be married. The girl was a young, silly, pretty creature, who took a fancy to him, and did all the wooing perseveringly herself. I had heard of it in the way of gossip from the other workmen; but he told me himself a day or two before his wedding, speaking in a low and trembling voice, while his face was turned away from me over his work. I had nothing to say, and my silence provoked him. He threw down his tools, and drew nearer to my table, but slowly and doubtingly.

"Have you no pity?" he cried, with an undertone of suppressed fierceness; "you are sacrificing yourself and me for a wild fancy. I have no secret to tell you; yet you haunt this place with your pale, sickly face, till I would rather see the ghost of the dead man himself. Rachel, I will marry you now, if you will have me. Or I will pay your passage over to America. Only leave this place. Do not torment me with your everlasting presence."

"No," I said; "these twelve months my suspicion has been growing, and I'll remain here till I've proved it. Maybe I am ordained to be the avenger of that murder, and I shall find it out in time; in the appointed time. Marry you, George Denning? Marry you, when you know, and I know, that there is a guilty secret on your soul, perhaps even to the crime of murder. We are fellow-workpeople, and we will remain so till the end comes. If there is no consciousness of sin in you, you will at least tolerate my presence."

"I can not," he groaned, "I can not!" and he strode across the floor, and mounted the winding staircase into the paper-room above, where he staid during the rest of the day, being busy, as it seemed, with the crowded reams of paper, with which our present employer overstocked himself until the attic was filled to the roof. I made an errand once to follow him, and found him toiling, with all his great strength, at arranging the heavy packages; and when the time for leaving work came, and he passed through the binding-room where I was getting my tea, he looked faint and haggard with exhaustion. During the past winter I had left off lighting my fire in the kitchen, choosing to sit by the one kept burning in the work-room; and all that night I fancied I heard again the heavy sounds of his day's toil in the attic overhead.

He was married on a Sunday, and came back to work the next day, not allowing himself and his silly young wife even a brief holiday; and once, when in the folly of the first month of marriage she made an excuse to follow him to his work-shop, she went home in tears from his stern chiding. I thought his marriage would not touch me; yet it made a vital difference. Hitherto there had been a subtle hope underlying all my suspicion, that the secret was less deadly than I feared, so that once known to me with its extenuating circumstances, there might still be a possibility of loving him again, but its confession or its discovery now could never reunite us. That was over; and only for Willie's sake, who wrote piteous and heart-broken letters from his place of banishment, I would persevere to the end. A new form of my life began, with no hope in it; only a feverish anxiety in its stead. We were together day after day; more together than he and his wife. As I sat at my sewing-press, stitching the sheets that he bound into books, there was for both the perpetual consciousness of the other's presence. Almost every word that varied the quiet of that dreary room was spoken by his voice or mine. Few footsteps crossed the floor save ours. Every movement of the one was heard, seen, felt by the other. I had only to glance aside from my press, and my eye caught his face, grim and stony, yet with flashes of despair under my scrutiny. It was necessary for him to speak to me often, to give directions or to ask questions about my work, and his voice always faltered as he spoke, but never changed in tone as it did if he were compelled to utter my name. On my side I was very calm, but always watching. Whenever he mounted the corner staircase his last glance showed him that I was noticing and listening to every movement. I knew every expression of his face, and every tone of his voice, so as to measure accurately every emotion that thrilled through his heart and soul. Sometimes by a few words from the pages under my hand, or by a softly sung verse—he used to love my singing—of some hymn of judgment and threatened vengeance, I could make his stern features quiver like those of a child in dread of punishment. Let him come as early as he would in the morning, I was seated at my press before him; and in the evening he left me still sitting beside the work-room fire. There was no moment of his working life, the daily hours of toil in which he earned his bread, but I was beside him, haunting him—the embodiment of a horrible suspicion, set against him as a living sign of an unuttered and as yet undefined accusation.

But this was not all. From his early youth George had been a member of a Methodist congregation, holding a somewhat honorable position among them; and in his religious life I was with him, at his side; noticing, listening, catching up every word he suffered to fall from his lips. All the profession required of us was that we were seeking to flee from the wrath to come; and if ever hopeless wretches needed to escape from coming wrath, he, George Denning, was one, and I, Rachel Holland, was another. In our weekly meetings, where each in turn gave an account of his inner life during the past week, I placed myself opposite to him, where my gaze could be fixed upon him in that circle where all else sat with closed or downcast eyes, while he gave utterance to the few, feeble, commonplace empty words he dared to speak before me, let his heart burn within him as it would. It was the mockery of a soul-refreshing confession, the dead image of a living fellowship. Twice he broke out into wild, ungovernable lamentations, full of an exceeding bitterness and mystery, which shook him in every nerve, and left him without strength or speech; while it was in my power, by a chance solemn word here and there, some awful threatening, some dread suggestive verse which hinted at an unknown sin, to turn his pale face with fear, or blank with conviction, while his strong frame heaved with groans he dared not utter.

But the suffering was not all his—scarcely more his than mine. Alas for the dreary dying away of all the hope and bloom of womanhood! Only seven hours of innocent, forgetful sleep, and all the seventeen remaining burdened with one maddening thought. I marveled to myself, as day after day I drudged at my work, at the dull, deadly hatred that possessed me against this man, who had been the object of my most tender love. Was it he and I who had rambled through dewy lanes in the quiet dusk or sleeping moonlight, with low-toned voices and twined hands and half stolen kisses—was it he and I, in truth, who had passed through that trance together? Or was it not some dreamy Paradise, some deception of my crazed brain? Then I scarcely ventured to lift up my eyes to his if he were looking at me; now it was he whose eyelids fell before my glance, and who turned aside his head and shrank away from my nearer approach. Even when, as years rolled on, I saw the strong frame showing tokens of early age and incurable decline from the prolonged anguish of his mind, I permitted no relenting from my fell purpose. I was rather jealous lest disease should snatch from me this wan, wasting man, who still held in his hidden heart the secret for which I had sacrificed all my womanliness, and for which my brother yet pined in miserable banishment. I also suffered the agonies of despair before this speechless possessor of a secret that had robbed me of all the hopes and joys and loves of life.

But it came to pass that after seven years of ceaseless watching, when I had grown old and worn-down into a passive and sullen endurance of my condition, there awoke within me one Eastertide a restless and vehement desire to revisit my native town, where I had left no trace of myself, except a vague rumor that I was soon going to join my brother in America. I asked leave of my master to take holiday from the eve of Good Friday until Easter Monday, and started forth a gray, nerveless, fearful woman, from the tomblike stillness of the solitary house into the noise and bustle of the world. Once more, with shaking heart, I trod the dolorous way along which I had led Willie quailing beneath the eyes and whispers of our band of witnesses; and once more I stood before the threshold crossed by my mother's feet, and where upon peaceful Sunday evenings I had watched Willie and George going away with many backward glances and gestures of farewell. I had hoped that I should find it empty and deserted like the house I came from, and that I might have wandered alone through the rooms again; but there was the noise of laughter within, and the shadows of flitting figures upon the lighted curtains, and I turned away to seek the only asylum I would enter in my native town.

It was one of a row of poor alms-houses built amidst the graves of the church-yard, and under the shadow of the church tower. A short by-path was trodden down over the little mounds, and I was guided across it by the glimmering from the windows of the small dwellings. Again I tarried on a threshold, listening; for I did not know that my only and aged friend was still living, and my heart bounded as the sound of a cheery voice, shrill with years, like the high notes of an old flute, came like music to my ears. As soon as the twittering song was ended I tapped lightly at the door. There was the brisk clicking of a stick upon the quarried floor within, and then the door was opened widely, as if the aged woman had done forever with fear or distrust, and was ready to welcome the whole world to her poor hearth.

"Charlotte," I said, faintly, "I am Rachel Holland. Don't you know me? Willie Holland's sister?"

In a moment the withered hand had caught mine, and led me in from the dark night, and seated me in her own chair by the fireside, with many muttered words of delight and amazement. The poor desolate old creature rejoiced over me as if I had been her daughter, and spread her scanty meal for me with the finest edge of hospitable gladness. For a little while, as I looked round the tiny room, unchanged since the time when as a child I came here on busy days at home, to be out of my mother's way, and had played at keeping house, compelling the old alms-woman to leave the work to me and let me wait upon her—for a little while I felt that if but one more shade of forgetfulness would come over the weary years between, I could be once again a buoyant, thoughtless girl. It was not till Charlotte settled herself on the colder side of the hearth and peered at me anxiously from behind her spectacles that the bitterness of the present returned.

"Has thee come across the seas?" she asked, with a woman's keen glance at my poor dress.

"No; I've been at work," I answered; "I've never been to Willie yet."

"Thee has been ailing," she continued, "and fallen behindhand, maybe, with the world. Why did thee not come home to me for a bit, Rachel? Eh! I've thought of thee many a night and day, thee and Willie. Lass, Willie never did that; many's the time I've said it out loud to satisfy myself; little Willie never could do that. It will be made clear, Rachel, in its own time."

Weeping was a rare luxury to me; but I wept then, with old Charlotte's shriveled arm round my neck and her broken voice speaking homely words of comfort. A new tranquillity came over me, and a strange sense of soothing, in being once again cared for and wept with. The alms-woman's simple, cheery talk, the yellow-stained walls, with their rows of polished tins, the sanded floor, the low bed, where I lay down to fitful slumbers, on a level with the window which overlooked the church-yard, with its quiet graves asleep in the moonlight—all seemed to restore me to my childhood. Only now and then, both waking and sleeping, there crossed my fancy visions of the empty, echoing, haunted house left behind, with ghostly faces reflected in my little looking-glass, and ghostly feet gliding to and fro with a silence worse than the sounding of my own steps.

In the morning—the morning of the emblematic passover from the house of bondage—I went to church with my friend, sitting beside her in the chancel upon the seats set apart for the alms-women. There was a sense of freedom, a deliverance from a corroding captivity of my soul; I could pray; for George Denning was not in the same house of prayer. Before me, beneath the fair white linen cloth which covered the sacramental elements, was the altar-cloth of crimson velvet with its sacred initials, and the golden halo round them, which I had been working with my own fingers on that terrible doomsday that had fallen upon us. The "I. H. S." was just beneath the edge of the snowy cover, and I saw and heard nothing else of the solemn service. Dimly and vaguely, but irresistibly, these words laid hold of my thoughts, "Jesus, the Saviour of men."

A profound peace—"peace on earth, and good-will toward all"—possessed me as I left the church with the congregation; and while the alms-woman, in her simple faith, remained for the concluding service, I paced to and fro in the church-yard, past the graves of my parents. But with this peace there mingled a strong yearning for action, for returning once more to my house of bondage, and freeing myself at once and forever from its doleful captivity. Even the thought that I should set George Denning free was pleasant to me, for here, close to the lanes and fields where we had played as children, and loitered as lovers, I remembered him as he was before the sear and blight came upon our lives. He, too, should be freed upon this day of accomplished sacrifice. He also should be forgiven, if he knew not what he did.

With reluctance the aged woman gave me leave to depart; though my face, long set into sorrow, was beginning to soften into a shadowy smile. The early night was closing in when I returned to the streets through which I had crept, a hard and desolate woman, the day before; but I had tasted love again, human and divine; I had stooped to taste it, and in my hidden heart I blessed the groups of happy beings whom I passed. The bells of the churches chimed together overhead, making a gladsome music all the way along, as I pressed on to the central street, where the deserted house was waiting for me, with its tainted attic and empty chambers. Under a lamp I met George Denning's silly young wife, with a baby in her arms, and talking gayly with some companions; but though my heart stopped in its rapturous throbbing for a moment, I moved gently out of her path, and did not grudge her laughter, for little mirth had she with her stricken husband. She might have been coming from the house, for a minute more and it rose before me on the opposite side of the street, with its steep roof overtopping all the others; and there in the little dormer-window, glimmering like a feeble glow-worm, there shone the palest, faintest mote of light from within, just visible in the gathering darkness of the night.

I understood the tell-tale beam, and a sudden tingling ran through all my veins. At the very moment in which I had surrendered the purpose of my life I was to receive its fulfillment. I entered the house as silently as death. The smouldering fire upon my hearth, not kindled by me, gave me light to find the soundless list slippers, with which I could steal unheard upon the busy laborer, who was at work upon this universal holiday. Doors that would have creaked under less careful and less steady fingers turned noiselessly upon their hinges as they admitted me; and the mouldering floors gave no warning of my stealthy approach. Only my heart beat, and my pulses throbbed clamorously in my ears, until I had to tarry for a minute underneath the attic, where there was the dull heavy thud of weighty reams of paper thrown down in haste. I crept partly up the winding stairs, and stood still in the deep shadows where I could see him, myself unseen, at the furthest end of the crowded room. He had been toiling long, for the sweat and pallor of exhaustion were upon his haggard face, and his white lips were pinched for breath; but still he labored, bearing piles of paper, upon which the dust of years had gathered, out of the dark closet into a scanty space he had cleared, upon the very spot where the murdered man had lain. Each packet he unwrapped and examined carefully, laying it down with a growing pallor and a deeper sigh, and retreating again behind the thin partition which hid him from my sight. At last he staid so long that I stole on warily over the piled-up papers to the opened door of the secret closet. He had sunk to his knees, and was holding to the feeble light of his candle a yellow page, with writing almost effaced by time—the one stained paper among thousands of blank and empty sheets. His thin and wasted fingers grasped it with a desperate clutch, but he trembled throughout his whole frame, until he could not steady himself to read it. One step forward and I stood beside him, leaning over him, and in a moment detecting that the time-stained lines were in his own handwriting.

"My God!" he gasped, as he felt the touch of my dress, and looked up straight into my bending face; but his painful breath failed him, and he fell prostrate at my feet, only drawing under him the paper which he grasped so desperately. I stood motionless, for before me were passing, in dreary procession, all the weary, weary days I had dragged through waiting for this moment; my seared life, weeks, and months, and years, crossed in funeral sadness my kindled memory; until last of all came the vague and dim but heavenly vision, when on the morning of this day I bowed my head in prayer, and, lifting up my tearful eyes, beheld the "I. H. S." and heard a secret voice in my soul whispering, "Jesus, the Saviour of men."

"George!" I said, stooping over him, and laying my hand gently upon the gray head at my feet—"George, I came back to tell you I would leave this place in pity for myself and you. To-day and yesterday Heaven has shown me that there is yet love for us. I have meddled with vengeance too long. Now it is made clear to me that I am worse than you, even if you *are* a murderer; for I have been your destruction body and soul."

"That is true!" he cried, hoarsely, though his voice was very low; "help me, Rachel; I can not breathe. Raise me up."

I lifted him up in my arms and rested his head against me, fanning the stifled air about us to bring a purer breeze to his quivering lips. As his strength came back a little I supported him over the scattered packets, and opened the narrow window for the evening wind to breathe upon him. The streets below were dark and quiet, as with a Sabbath rest from labor, and no illumination rose up from open shops; but the stars were come out brightly, and the moon was shining, though we could not see her from our western casement, and her yellow light blending with the glittering of the stars, shed a faint gleam upon George's pallid face, and his nervous fingers grasping still the written paper. Yet the dimness hid the changes that time and trouble had made; and in that confused glimmering the features I looked down upon were the features of my playmate in years gone by, of my betrothed husband, to whom I had linked myself for life.

"It is fit for me to die here," he muttered; "I have been dying by inches ever since; and it is fit for me to be hurried off at last. Take the paper, Rachel; it is found too late. There, take it; it is my legacy to you. You have your secret at last."

He thrust the paper in my hand, making a helpless effort to close my fingers upon it, but I let it float away, and fall rustling on to the floor. There was no thought in my mind but of the days of old, when he and I were boy and girl together. This hideous dream would be over soon, and I should wake to his morning call under my window, and my fearful fancies would be half-laughed and half-caressed away.

"I'd no thought to do it," he said, speaking painfully; "he held a bond of mine for a hundred pounds, and he never let me rest. I was fitting up my home for Rachel, and he was threatening me with a prison. The old miser kept his hoard in the closet yonder, and when he found that I had seen him go to it—it was late, and he believed every one of us were gone—he flew at me like a madman. I never meant to murder him."

The moon had gone under a cloud; and behind us the candle in the closet burned dim, so that his face was only a blank whiteness, with two burning eyes in which the light of life glimmered fitfully; but I could not turn away my gaze from it, even to glance round the attic, where the evening wind was fluttering and rustling many a sheet of paper, until the whole place seemed alive with restless sounds and movements. I drew his head down again upon my bosom, and laid my cheek against his clammy forehead.

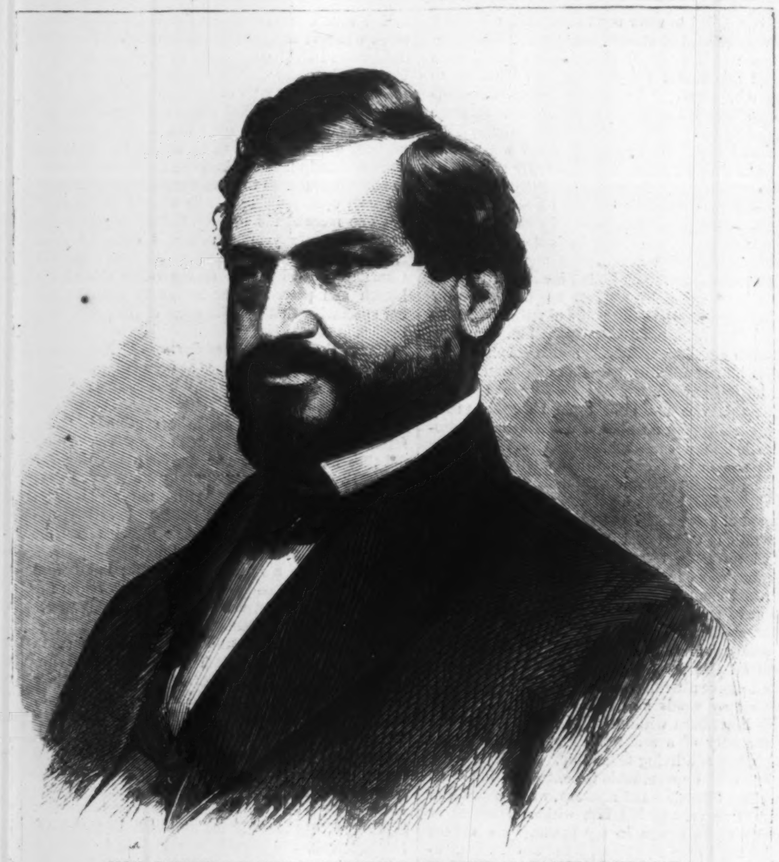
"I was so strong," he murmured, clenching his feeble fingers, "I did not know that death could be in my grip. Rachel, I wrote a confession—it is there on the floor; take care of it when I am gone—and I placed it in a ream of paper which would be opened shortly, only giving me time for a sure escape. But Willie had come back to seek me, and had seen all and fled, for my sake and yours. If the lad had been convicted I would have saved him at the price of my own life; but there was nothing against him, and there would have been every thing against me. When we searched for a trace of the murderer I hid the paper far back in the closet under hundreds of other reams, thinking to secure it when a safe time came. But you have been ever watching me."

Down in the quiet street below there came the patter of children's feet upon the pavement, and the chatter of children's voices. The dying man heard them, and tried to raise himself.

"I have had children," he sighed, "but they never laughed and clapped their hands for me. Every morning I came from their cradles to look upon your face, Rachel; and there was always a curse in it. Now the sin of the father will be vislted upon them. You have shut me out from prayer and penitence; you have been a living doom against me. Yet I am dying at last in your arms."

While he whispered, the words falling with difficulty and pain from his faltering tongue, there came to me once more a sense of ineffable peace and love brooding over us. By some subtle and finer influence the dying man shared it, and opened his eyes again to meet mine looking down upon him with that mysterious renewal of affection. All the long-known consolations, which had been to us only as a very pleasant song, or as good tidings for others from which we ourselves were shut out, entered into our souls in the hour of their extremest need. The pale evening star, steady but very far away, pointed the beginning of the immeasurable distance that was about to separate us; and from my lips, lying close to his dull ear, there fell, almost unconsciously to myself, the words that had dwelt all day in my heart, "Jesus, the Saviour of men."

I descended into the Easter streets from the fatal room, which had been the starting-point of both the murdered man and his murderer, into the boundless eternity. No one knew that I had been there; and without distinct aim or design, only hiding in my bosom the sullied and time-worn paper, I wandered back to the poor alms-house. There, with my face turned to the quiet church-yard, which offered me no refuge, though I longed for it greatly, I lay still and silent through weeks of illness, with the treasured paper in his handwriting lying under my pillow, or held for safety in my feverish hands. Afterward I remember, though vaguely, voyaging over miles of visionless waters, and finding Willie, not a heart-broken exile, but happy in a new home, and renouncing the land of his troubles and mine. But I was restless there, and must return; and returning found that the old empty house, with its death-stained attic, had been pulled down as an accursed dwelling, and not one stone of it remained upon another. Yet for me at every Eastertide it is erected again, and the tragedy of my life is acted out once more. Whatever else I forget, or whatever else my mind refuses to receive, there abides with me ever and ever the memory of my fell, remorseless purpose, and of my cruel hatred, darker in its sin than George Denning's unmeditated crime.



HON. LELAND STANFORD, PRESIDENT OF CENTRAL PACIFIC RAILROAD.

EX-GOVERNOR STANFORD, OF CALIFORNIA.

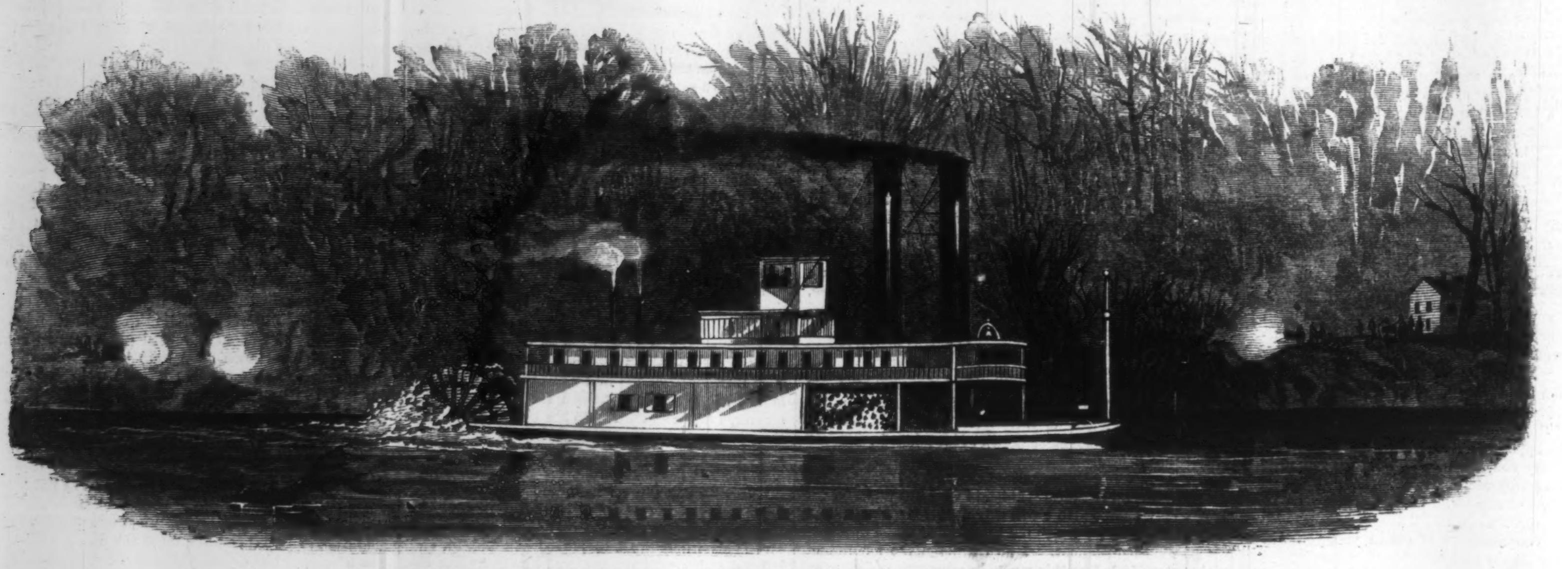
We present our readers this week with an accurate Portrait of Leland Stanford, President of the Central Pacific Railroad of California, and late Governor of that State. The Company of which Mr. Stanford is President was organized in 1861. In 1862 the Pacific Railroad Bill was passed by Congress; and under the provisions of this law the Company are pushing their end of the proposed road across the Sierra Nevada Mountains into the Great Basin, with the permission to continue it until it shall meet and unite with the Eastern section. We need not speak of the importance of this road, which connects the East with the gold-producing region on the coast of the Pacific, and will only say that Governor Stanford has been intimately connected with the enterprise from the first, having at an early period appreciated its value, and having devoted to it much of his time and energy.

THE STEAMER "BRAZIL" FIRED UPON BY GUERRILLAS.

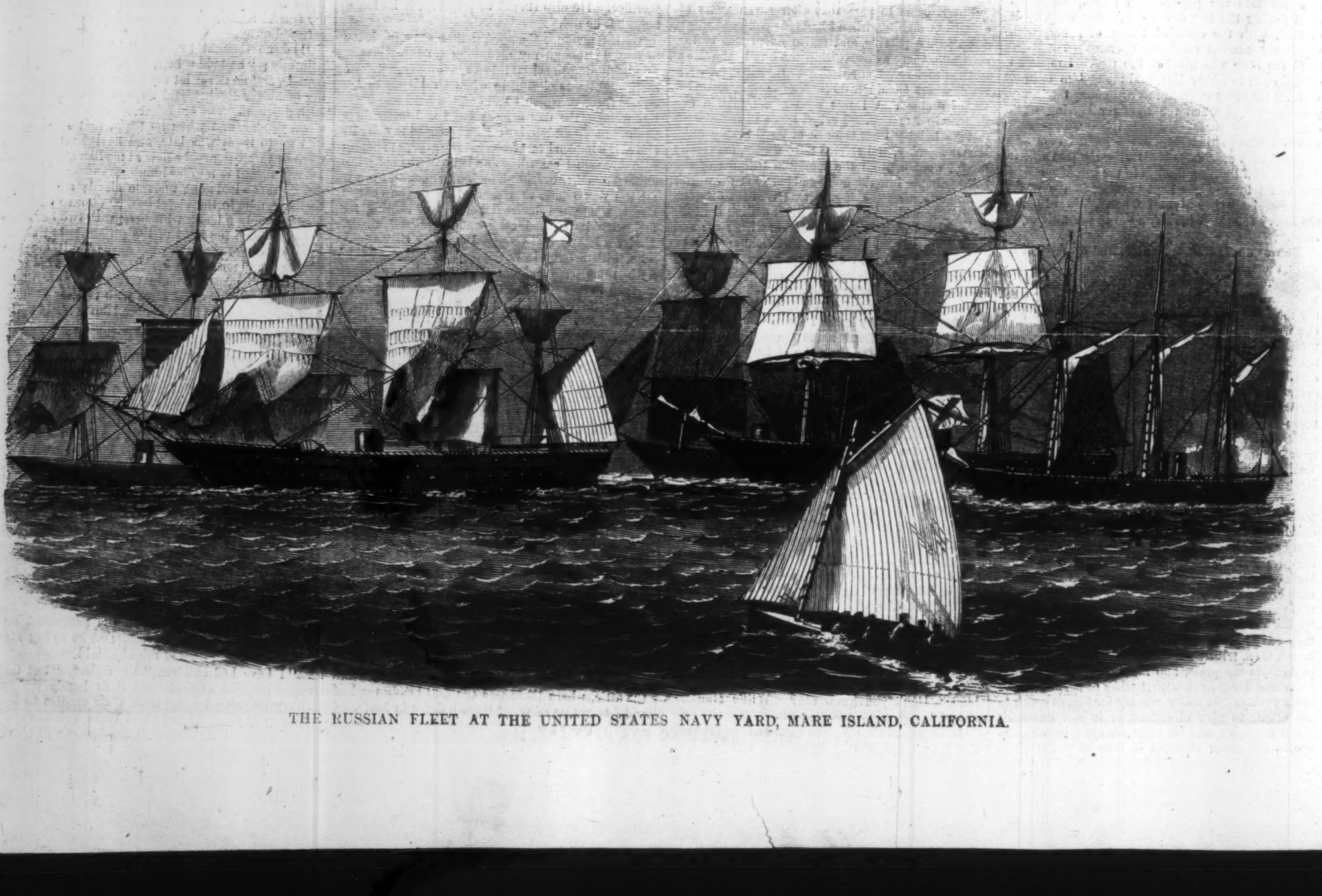
On this page our readers will find a sketch representing an attack made upon the steamer *Brazil* by a band of guerrillas on the banks of the Mississippi, the 11th of last December. The scene is two miles below Rodney. Two ladies were killed in this attack, and three men wounded. The event has been one of frequent occurrence for several months, though it is hoped measures are already being taken by Government to prevent its repetition.

WILLIAM M. THACKERAY.

William Makepeace Thackeray, one of the great English novelists (whose portrait we give on page 61), was born in Calcutta, in 1811, and died in London on the 24th of December, 1863. His father was a civil officer in the service of the East India Company, and died when Thackeray was in his seventh year. The boy was soon after carried to En-



THE STEAMER "BRAZIL," FIRED UPON BY GUERRILLAS ON THE BANKS OF THE MISSISSIPPI.



THE RUSSIAN FLEET AT THE UNITED STATES NAVY YARD, MARE ISLAND, CALIFORNIA.

gland, but he never forgot the scenes of his earliest childhood, and in his novels the characters and circumstances of Anglo-Indian life vividly reappear. Mr. Jos. Sedley, the Begum, and Colonel Newcome, one of the tenderest and most beautiful characters in fiction, all—as it were—smell of bamboo and camphor trunks. On his way to England the ship touched at St. Helena, and the boy, strolling in the charge of his attendant, saw the Emperor Napoleon, an incident which was always fresh in his memory, and to which he alludes in one of his lectures upon the Georges. In London he was sent to the Charter House School, which he has described in "The Newcomes;" and went afterward to the University at Cambridge, which he left without a degree. His recollections of university life supplied him with the material of delightful chapters in "Pendennis." Soon after leaving Cambridge he came into possession of a pretty fortune of twenty thousand pounds; and to pursue his studies in Art, for which he had much love but less talent, he lived upon the Continent for several years.

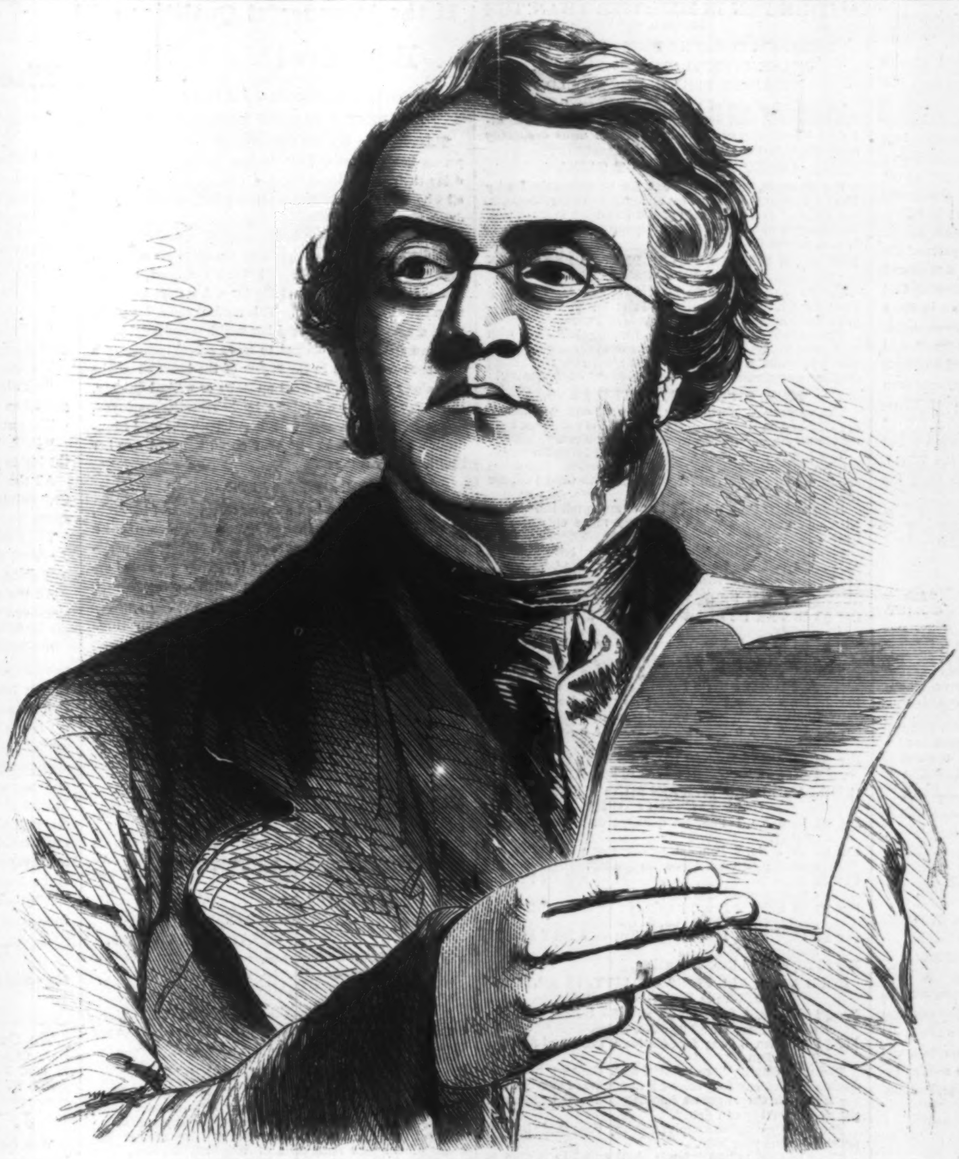
Abandoning the profession of an artist, however, in which he felt that he was not likely to excel, and losing much of his fortune by unlucky speculations, he returned to England and devoted himself to literature. His first essays were in the London *Times*, where he wrote a paper upon Fielding, whom he always considered the great master of English fiction; and he contributed to *Fraser's Magazine* a great variety of essays and sketches, sparkling with exuberant humor and satire, under the names of Michel Angelo Titmarsh and George Fitz Boodle. The first, which was his favorite pseudonym, is itself a stroke of his peculiar humor, for he had a Michel-Angelesque nose, and his frame was large and tall, and he assaulted with tremendous vigor what are called the little things of society. In one of the author-portraits of *Fraser* called "Our Contributors" (which is reproduced in Bohn's edition of Father Prout's Reliques), there is the head which we publish in this paper—a score of years younger, but with the same clear, penetrating expression—as of a mind on the scent—and the same unshrinking sincerity and humor—a Saxon Rabelais. Yet so little impression was made by Thackeray's earlier writings that Horne's Spirit of the Age, published in 1843, which contains sketches of many authors now forgotten, does not even mention Michel Angelo Titmarsh.—"Jeames's Diary" and "The Snob Papers," published in *Punch*, to which he was one of the most constant and the cleverest contributor, made his reputation.

But "Vanity Fair," begun serially in 1847, the preface of which is dated June 28, 1848, and for which he found a publisher with difficulty, established Thackeray's position among the chief English authors.

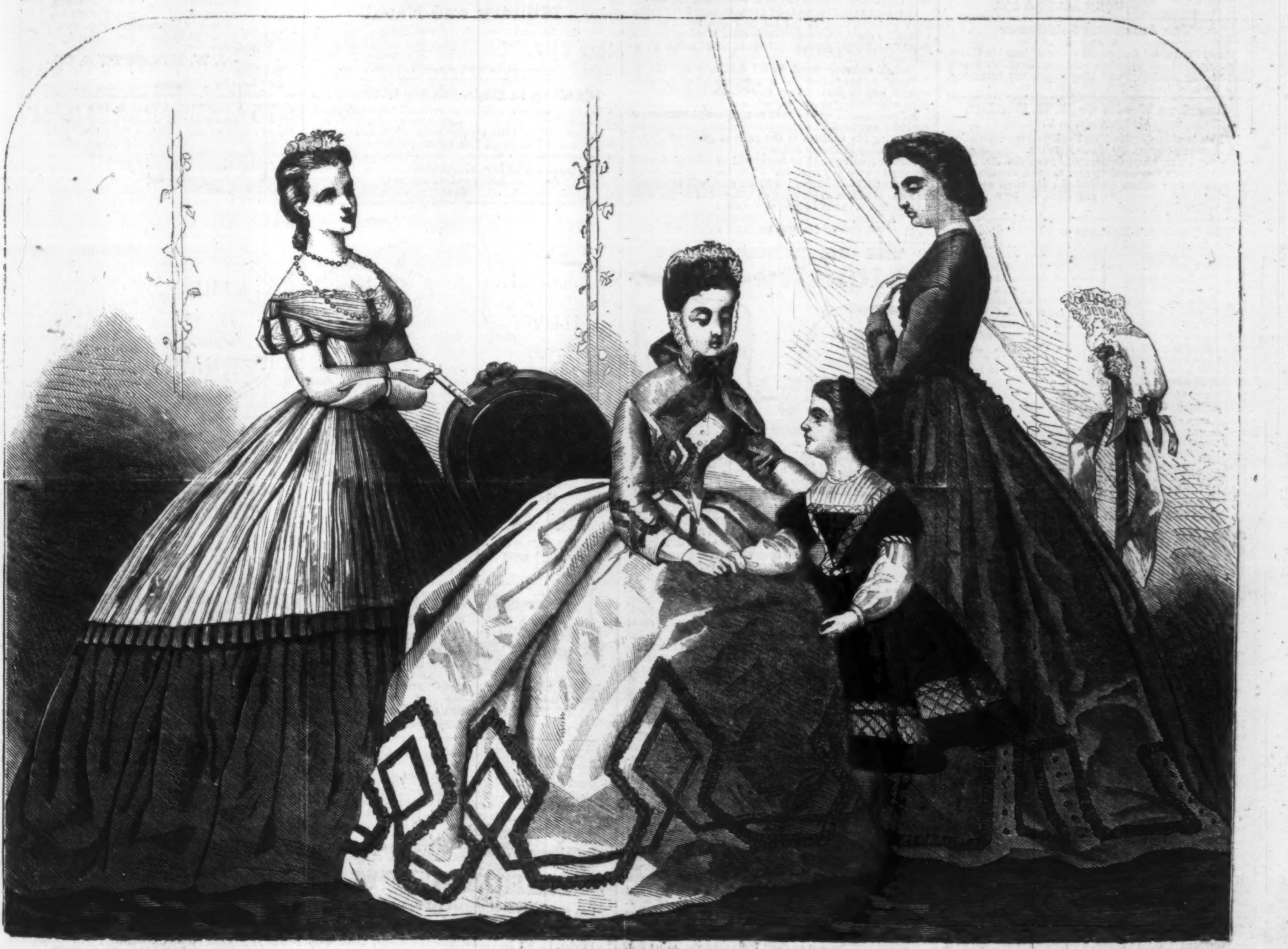
"Vanity Fair" was followed by "Pendennis" and "Henry Esmond," and by the Lectures upon the English Humorists, which were delivered in 1851, to great and delighted audiences in London and elsewhere in Great Britain, and subsequently in this country. They were, in many respects—as delivered by him—the most delightful lectures ever heard. His American visit was altogether agreeable and profitable to him. Upon his return to England he published "The Newcomes," the ripest and finest of his works, and the best novel of English society since Fielding's "Tom Jones." This was followed by the Lectures upon the Georges, which were delivered in Great Britain and in America, to which he made a second visit in 1855-'6. They were even more popular at home than the earlier series.

Upon his second return to England, mindful of Addison and Prior, Thackeray was not unwilling to try his political chances, and offered himself as a liberal Parliamentary candidate for Oxford in 1857. He was defeated by a majority of 67. He immediately began the serial publication of "The Virginians," a story of English and American life during the Revolution. But his heart was clearly not in the work, and it was less successful than its predecessors. In January, 1860, the *Cornhill Magazine* began under his editorship. He remained in charge of it for two years, and contributed to it "Lovel the Widower," "The Adventures of Philip," and the charming essays lately collected, and the last book of Thackeray, called "The Roundabout Papers." A new novel by him was already announced in the *Cornhill*, but on the day before Christmas, 1863, after but a day's illness, he was found dead in his bed, not having completed his fifty-third year.

We but mention here a few names and dates, which are of permanent interest and significance in English literature. Elsewhere in these pages we endeavor to say something of the character and genius of a great author, of a tender, true, and generous man.



THE LATE WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.



PARIS FASHIONS FOR JANUARY, 1864.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

MORTON'S GOLD PENS are now sold at the same prices as before the commencement of the war; this is entirely owing to the Manufacturer's improvements in machinery, his present large Retail Business and Cash-in-Advance System; for, until he commenced advertising, his business was done on Credit and *strictly with the Trade.*

The Morton Gold Pens are the only ones sold at old prices, as the makers of all other gold pens charge the Premium on the Gold, Government Tax, &c.; but Morton has in no case changed his prices, Wholesale or Retail.

Of the great numbers sent by mail to all parts of the world during the past few years, not one in a thousand has failed to reach its destination in safety; showing that the Morton Gold Pen can be obtained by any one, in every part of the world, at the same price, postage only excepted.

Reader, you can have an enduring, always ready, and reliable Gold Pen, exactly adapted to your hand and style of writing, which will do your writing vastly cheaper than Steel Pens; and at the present almost universal High-Pressure Price of everything, you can have a Morton Gold Pen cheaper, in proportion to the labor spent upon it and material used, than any other Gold Pen in the World. If you want one, see "The Pen is Mightier than the Sword," in next column.

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Extract teeth absolutely without pain, by the NITROUS OXIDE GAS, originated by Dr. Colton. Dr. Colton has already administered the gas for the extraction of over 8000 teeth by this process with unfailing success. A large number of the first-class Dentists of the city now send us their patients for teeth extraction. The great advantages of the gas over ether and chloroform are, that while it destroys every particle of pain, *it is perfectly harmless*, and leaves the patient in two minutes, feeling as well as before. Any number of testimonials from Dentists, Doctors, Clergymen, &c., can be shown.

Dentists instructed on reasonable terms.

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All kinds of Sewing Machine Needles.

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☞ HACKLE, GILL, COMB, CARD PINS, &c., &c. ☜

"BARTLETT'S BURNISHED NEEDLES are a wonderful improvement over others for SEWING MACHINE or HAND SEWING. Try sample 250, any sizes, for 50 c., free by mail."—MME. DEMOREST.

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Elegant Christmas Presents for a Lady. Gold Composite Hunting Watch, Jeweled, excellent Timekeeper, $15. For a gentleman the Magic Railway Watch, with Time Patent Indicator, shewing Time without opening Case, $15. *Watches sent for inspection before payment.* Chains in great variety, newest styles, Ladies, $2 upwards; Gent's, $1 upwards. Send for Circular. ARRANDALE & CO., Importer of Watches, 212 B'dway, N.Y.

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THE GOLD PEN—THE BEST OF ALL PENS,

MORTON'S GOLD PENS,

THE BEST PENS IN THE WORLD.

On receipt of any of the following sums in Cash, the Subscriber will send by return mail, or otherwise, as directed, a Gold Pen or Pens—*selecting the same according to description*, viz.:

GOLD PENS WITHOUT CASES.

For 25 cents, the Magic Pen; for 38 cents, the Lucky Pen; for 50 cents, the Always-Ready Pen; for 75 cents, the Elegant Pen; and for $1, the Excelsior Pen.—These Pens are not numbered, but correspond in sizes to numbers 2, 3, 4, 5, and 6 respectively.

THE SAME PENS IN SILVER-PLATED EXTENSION CASES, WITH PENCILS.

For 50 cents, the Magic Pen; for 75 cents, the Lucky Pen; for $1, the Always-Ready Pen; for $1 25, the Elegant Pen; and for $1 50, the Excelsior Pen.

These are Well-Finished, Good-Writing Gold Pens, with Iridosmin Points, the average wear of every one of which will far outlast a gross of the best Steel Pens; *although they are unwarranted, and, therefore, not exchangeable.*

MORTON'S WARRANTED PENS.

The name "A. Morton," "Number," and "Quality," are stamped on the following Pens, and the points are warranted for six months, except against accident.

The Numbers indicate size *only:* No. 1 being the smallest, No. 6 the largest, adapted for the pocket; No. 4 the smallest, and No. 10 the largest Mammoth Gold Pen, for the desk.

Long and Medium Nibs of all sizes and qualities. Short Nibs of Numbers 4, 5, 6, and 7, and made only of first quality.

The Long and Short Nibs are fine pointed; the Medium Nibs are Broad, Coarse Business points. The engravings are fac-similes of the sizes and styles.

GOLD PENS, WITHOUT CASES.

For $0 75 a No. 1 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 3 Pen, 3d quality.

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For $1 25, a No. 3 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 4 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 5 Pen, 3d quality.

For $1 50, a No. 4 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 5 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 6 Pen, 3d quality.

For $1 75, a No. 5 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 6 Pen, 2d quality.

For $2 25, a No 6 Pen; $2 75 a No. 7 Pen; $3 25 a No. 8 Pen; $4 a No. 9 Pen; $5 No. 10 Pen—all 1st quality.

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For $1 50 a No. 1 Pen, 1st quality; or a No 3 Pen, 3d quality.

For $1 75, a No. 2 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 3 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 4 Pen, 3d quality.

For $2 00, a No. 3 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 4 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 5 Pen, 3d quality.

For $2 50 a No. 4 Pen, 1st quality; or a No. 5 Pen, 2d quality; or a No. 6 Pen, 3d quality.

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For $2 00 a No. 4 Pen; for $2 25 a No. 5 Pen; for $2 75 a No. 6 Pen; for $3 50 a No. 7 Pen.

For $4 00 a No. 8 Pen; for $5 a No. 9 Pen; and for $6 a No. 10 Pen.

The "1st Quality" are pointed with the very best Iridosmin Points, carefully selected, and none of this quality are sold with the slightest imperfection which skill and the closest scrutiny can detect.

The "2d Quality" are superior to any Pens made by him previous to the year 1860.

The "3d Quality" he intends shall equal in respect to Durability, Elasticity and Good Writing Qualities (the only true considerations) any Gold Pens made elsewhere.

In regard to the Cheap Gold Pens, he begs leave to say that, previous to operating his New and Patented Machines, he could not have made as Good Writing and Durable Pens, for the price, had the Gold been furnished gratuitously.

Parties ordering must in all instances specify the "Name" or the "Number" and "Quality" of the Pens wanted, and be particular to describe the kind they prefer—whether stiff or limber, coarse or fine.

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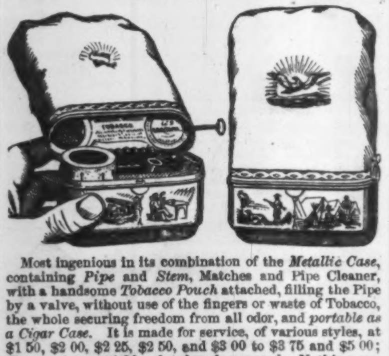

Most ingenious in its combination of the *Metallic Case*, containing *Pipe* and *Stem*, Matches and Pipe Cleaner, with a handsome *Tobacco Pouch* attached, filling the Pipe by a valve, without use of the fingers or waste of Tobacco, the whole securing freedom from all odor, and *portable as a Cigar Case.* It is made for service, of various styles, at $1 50, $2 00, $2 25, $2 50, and $3 00 to $3 75 and $5 00; the two latter *richly plated and engraved.* Nothing can excel its *Comfort, Utility*, and *Economy* for all Smokers, at HOME or ABROAD, in the ARMY and NAVY. As a *Present* to Friends, as a GIFT FROM THE LADIES, nothing could be more acceptable. **FOR THE SOLDIER** OF ALL RANKS, *in Camp or on the March*, IT IS INVALUABLE. *Large Orders*, with commendation from all points IN THE ARMY, daily attest this fact. *Single cases sent by mail, paid on receipt of price, and 25 cents.*

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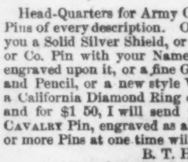
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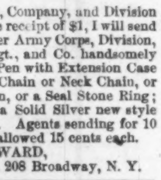

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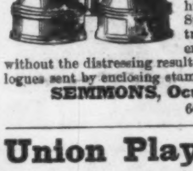

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We manufacture four styles of Watches:

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"AMERICAN WATCH CO., Waltham, Mass.," engraved on the inside plate.

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"P. S. BARTLETT, Waltham, Mass.," engraved on the inside plate.

All the above styles have the name "American Watch Co." painted on the dial, and are warranted in every respect.

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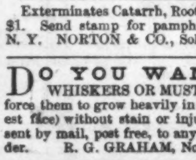
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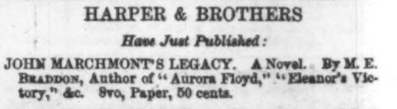

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Batch after batch, in this mammoth kettle is immersed;
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Positively is the quality unsurpassed.

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Over all the territory Babbitt cares not who he competes.
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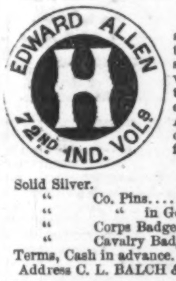

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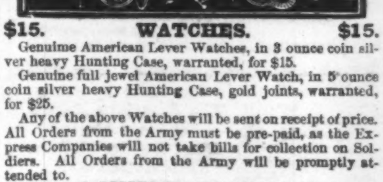

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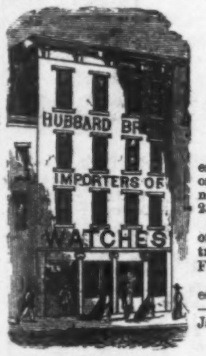

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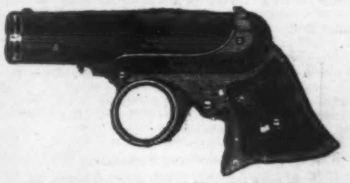

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